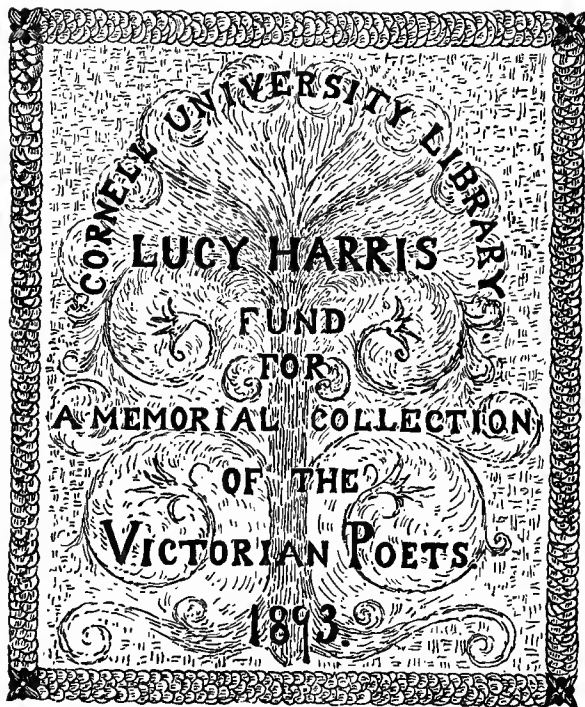


Songs of the South

Second Series

J. B. O'Hara

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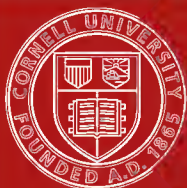
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SOME PRESS NOTICES OF THE FIRST SERIES.

The Spectator: "These are songs of considerable promise, being evidently the work of a young man with great love of beauty and not a little gift for expression. They are all Australian, and full of the vividness and hopes of Australian anticipations, as well as of the wild Australian scenery. . . . The verse is all buoyant."—*Aug. 29th, 1891.*

The Saturday Review: "These songs are melodious, fresh in sentiment, and show good workmanship. . . . The poet's sentiment is true and unforced. . . . In 'A Pioneer' and 'Oceanus' Mr. O'Hara reveals a singing voice that is both clear and strong, uninfluenced by contemporary English poetry."—*Sept. 26th, 1891.*

The World: "We welcome the advent of a new Australian poet in Mr. John Bernard O'Hara. He sings chiefly of the beauties of his native land, and of a few of the leading scenes in the brief but eventful history of Australasia; and it is melodious singing."—*Sept. 30th, 1891.*

The Speaker: "Mr. O'Hara's 'Songs of the South' comes from the land where spring begins in our autumn. His first poetic efforts (as he tells us himself) are full of promise. For the form there is a felicitous use of several measures and a plenitude of poetic expression; and for the matter, as becomes a young poet, sunrise and sunset, and the sights and sounds of woodland and bush, supply him with ever-changing pictures and thoughts. . . . But he strikes a note of pathos in 'A Memory,' and his 'Cattle Drovers' keeps close to every-day life. . . . There is every prospect of a rich harvest in the fulness of time."—*Sept. 26th, 1891.*

The National Observer: "The 'Ode to Aurora' is passionate, restrained, and of a captivating motion."—*Sept. 5th, 1891.*

The Review of Reviews: "A volume of Australian verse full of promise."

The Literary World: "Sings with much spirit of the beauties of Australia."

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

Second Series.

5/02/12

A.264638

TO

SIR JOHN MADDEN, LL.D.,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF VICTORIA,

AS A VERY SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS

EXALTED CHARACTER, RESPECT FOR HIS PROFOUND LEARNING

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,

THIS VOLUME IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

PRELUDE.

SWEET songs of dead singers still scatheless of
time,

Our lips your wild honey
Hath touched; lo! the musical murmur of
rhyme

The Southland makes sunny.

Stray notes of strange echoes, that glide through
weird change,

From woodlands that cover
The dingo afar on the wind-ringing range,
On the lowlands the plover!

Fresh flowers, if no fruits, of faint music I bring
From a land whose romances
Are strange as the desolate forests that sing
Songs tuned to wild fancies,—

Songs born of the gloom, of the deserts where
gape

 The drought-smitten levels,
Where never one wind from the stormiest cape
 A rose-height dishevels.

Then gather these flower-songs with kindness, nor
note

 If no summer's completeness
Has lent them the hues and the fragrance that
float

 From the masters of sweetness!

But thou, O my land!—at thy wild woodland
shrine,

 On thy singer's young altar,
I place with pure love these new blossoms of
mine

 With hands that still falter.

THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE.

SHE comes by the ways flower-paven,
Green ways of the old sweet earth,
And the fields by the sharp share graven,
Are rich with a bright new birth ;
She comes, and the skies grow sunny,
And the songs of the streams grow clear,
And drunk with their sweet wild honey
Flowers sway in the yellow year.

Though the ways of the woods wax sweeter,
She loiters and lingers not,
Till she looks on her loved Demeter—
What glow has the glad earth got?
So wrapt in her dreams she passes
By ways that her graces greet,
On the dews of the long lush grasses
A trace of her fairy feet !

Gold crowned are the high gold places
That flash on her dreaming eyes,
And bright as the flush of her face is
Rich blooms in the dells arise ;
And slipped from their shining sluices
The scents of the wild flowers flee
Over all the land of Eleusis,
Forerunning Persephone.

* * * * *

Ah! strange were the years now olden
Whose chime was the slow tides' chime,
When gods from their high seats golden
Came down in the dawn of Time ;
The music and mirth of mortals
Rose higher than Ida's crown,
And drew from their careless portals
The gifts of the old gods down.

Then trailed from the grove's green trellis
First fruits of the vagrant vine,
Nor vain, in her dreaming, Hellas
Heard sounds of a lute divine,
Saw nymphs as the leaves unnumbered,
Saw feet of the dancing fauns,
The place where the great god slumbered
Noon-steeped on the piny lawns.

They roamed, the old gods, they mingled
With men, and their hearts grew warm ;
Lips touched, and their bright cheeks tingled
With press of the panting storm ;
They loved, but their love was dædal
Who lived the old life and free ;
One gift that they gave was fatal,
Beloved Persephone !

* * * * *

But now are the old myths ended,
Threadbare are the old Creeds worn :
From paganish roots ascended
A tree that has richly borne ;
Not now is Jehovah dreaming
High throned in a selfish ease—
Nay, Love through all life is beaming,
Transfused through all entities !

Not now by a Naiad river
Men list to a luring song,
For yoked to a grand endeavour
Are the great years rolled along ;
And thought from its alpine portal
Looks down on a world-wide strife,
The seeking for truths immortal,
The longing for purer life.

Lo ! rises from out illusion,
Like plants from the clamorous weeds,
Humanity's golden fusion
From babel of jarring Creeds,
As flowers when the spring infuses
New life into lawn and lea,
As rose o'er the land of Eleusis
Beloved Persephone.

THE MAGPIES' HOME FLIGHT.

Now twilight scatters from her hand
The shadows faintly falling,
And far I hear along the land
The grey-plumed plover calling:
With hues half stolen from the night
They come while day is dying,
By twos and threes in broken flight,
The magpies homeward flying.

With brave black wings against the sky
Their homeward flight slow urging,
Wing-weary to the homestead nigh
The noisy crowd is surging,
Where the dark brotherhood of gums
Above the home roofs whisper,
As tangled in their star-proof plumes
Lie captive winds at vesper.

And now upon the rosy fall
The day has dipped and darkened,
To evening's sweet and restful call
The weary swain has hearkened ;
And still the thick'ning glooms they breast
With dusky vans outplying :
I watch them east, I watch them west,
The magpies homeward flying.

Lo ! deep amid the wrangling leaves
They take the night's caressing ;
Contentment's note of sweetness heaves
Its sigh of rest, night blessing ;
And dipped in gloom they sink, they fade,
They melt into the shadows,
Lost atomies whose music made
The joy of morning meadows !

Rest, weary wings, the day is done,
Sweet after toil is slumber !
We too must sleep at set of sun
In nests that know not number :
The ghost of twilight holds our hand
And guides us unreturning
Beyond the schemes of passion planned,
Beyond the world's harsh spurning.

And happy who, when summer gleams
Of love and joy have perished,
Can unregretful wake the dreams
That youth and fancy cherished,
Can see too o'er the fading land
From Hope's irradiant portal
The beckoning of an angel hand,
Immortal to a mortal.

AN OLD HUT.

By a lonely swamp where the wild swan settles,
Under the range the old hut lies,
Ringed by a wild where the wasted petals
Of dawn are shed in the eastern skies ;
Far and wide o'er the blossomless grasses
Thistles and thorns have their own wild way,
For never the sound of a footfall passes
Day by day.

Yet the spring sheds blossoms around the ruin,
The pale pink hues of the wild-briar rose,
The wild rose wasted by winds that blew in
The wattle bloom that the sun-god knows ;
But few are the flowers and the scents that
wither
Ere the winds rush forth with a stolen bloom
For flower and scent in the weeds together
Find one tomb.

Here vain is the strife of the seasons ever
To lose no right of their old sweet reign,
The wild weeds wither, the wild winds sever
The blossoms and blooms, but they come
again
With a heart of cheer and a face that gladdens,
If aught can gladden the desolate day,
Where a lonely spirit grieves and saddens
The place always.

The sentinel cranes in the sedgy hollows
Are fearless here of a human guest,
In the windy roof the glancing swallows
Revel in seasons of summer rest,
Out from the forest where blossom is never
Cometh the sound of the dingo nigh,
From the weird low lands by the reedy river
The curlew's cry.

Here night by night on the range the plover's
Cry rings bleak as a lonely wind
On a shipless sea, where the day discovers
Lone wan waves on the waters blind;
And night by night like a muffled mourner
Silence sits on the desolate gloom,
By the rotting stretcher that fills one corner
Of one old room.

Yet here in the seasons of old loud laughter
And music and mirth the glad winds fraught,
Men took no thought of the quick hereafter
In a world where delight through change was
wrought;
They are mirthless now! for the wind that
wanders
Moaning its pain for the old time fled
Over their graves the lost leaf squanders,
Over the dead.

And year by year the old ruin crumbles,
Friend of the sad forsaken days,
Soon to be taken of Time that tumbles
Down the pride of our works and ways,
Soon to be choked of the thorns and thistles,
The wild rank weeds on the crannied wall,
Where death awakes in the wind that whistles
Over all.

IN MEMORIAM—WHITTIER.

I.

THE dark year wanes. The bright months
sweetly bring

Back to the flow'ry South the minstrel year ;
Life quickens with the rapture of the spring,
And woods awake with sounds of vernal cheer.

But ah ! they bring not back to us again
The voice whose notes of Freedom clearer rang
Than music loud of Spring's reiterant strain,
Notes sweet as ever Morning singer sang.

The blossom of his life is withered now
Whose living perfume lingers through the night ;
He sleeps in liquid slumber on whose brow
Fame, faultless fame, set its supernal light.

Yea, sleep is his, and all we know of sleep,
The sudden joy of that diviner birth
Whose mighty consummation is the deep
Strong love that stirs the pulses of the earth.

For if beyond this life be purest bliss,
And joys that breathe of happiness divine,
And perfect peace more deep than slumber is,
Where souls in undecaying beauty shine,

Where grief is not, nor touch of ebbless time,
Where no sense quickens save in joys that live
Immortal, as the harmonies sublime
The spheres in perfect diapason give,

There surely none before the throne of Him
More stainless stands, while hearkening to the
roll
Concordant of the raptured Seraphim
Hymning the advent of his sinless soul ;

There surely none who waked a deeper faith
In goodness, and the human love which fills
Our hearts with hope that fearless looks on
death,
Though girdled with circumfluence of ills.

For standing on life's tempest-shaken shore
He kept his faith unbroken through the night
Of dark despair, while leading evermore
Man's struggling spirit upward to the light.

And while the mighty morning rose and sang—
The mighty morn of duty—none the less
For him the voice of Nature loudly rang,
And glowed her deep ambrosial loveliness.

And now the mother holds him to her breast
Where dreamlessly the sleeping singer lies,
While folded in the raiment of white rest
He wears th' inviolate vesture of the skies.

O deathless poet of the weeping West!
O brave forerunner, sweet is thy release!
God gives to thee the shining gift of rest,
Who gave to men the perfect gift of peace.

II.

Sleep, gently sleep, and we who linger here
In darkness from thy perfect life will take
A sweeter note of comfort! O'er the year
The dewy blooms of spring in beauty break;

Yet Nature, flushed with radiance of flower,
And sweet with resonance of wind and wave,
Strews not to-day his bier with vernal dower,
Nor glows around the quiet of his grave.

Ah, no! the Northern year falls leaf by leaf—
Him too she takes, ripe fruit of autumn bland,
And influent the ebbless wave of grief
Rolls sobbing o'er the loud lamenting land.

While Nature lacks the sweet interpreter,
The child she held with rapture to her breast,
Whose love-enkindled spirit sang with her
The songs of all things beautiful and best ;

Whose clear voice rang unbated where the din
Of life made loud the beating heart of day,
Waxed strenuous with eager strength to win
Truth trampled down in life's beliefless way.

He saw with clearer eyes the flawless love
That filled the universe, while round him fell
The discord of rebellious sects that move
The hinges of the jarring gates of hell.

He saw proud Freedom stripped of all her
pride,
Too frail to lift the burden of a flower,
Saw Slavery ubiquitously ride
Triumphant on the topmost wave of power ;

And with a voice whose trumpet note was clear
He made his day a scorn of hate and lies,—
The prophet of a dark despairing year,
He saw beyond the fringes of the skies.

For him the light of duty ever cleft
The darkness with the splendour of its flame ;
Truth's low reveille called to right and left,
And Faith a living fact to him became.

And when the hydra-headed fiends of wrong
Departed, and old errors drooped and died,
Truth blessed her brave hierophant of song,
Fame crowned him who had fought on Free-
dom's side.

And now the silence gathers o'er his head ;
Yea, o'er his head the silence gathers now :
Eternal rest !—for down among the dead
He slumbers with the laurel on his brow.

September, 1892.

TO A LADY PHYSICIAN.

(INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER.)

LET others seek the light that shines
In love's unclouded eyes,
As bright as dawn's when dancing winds'
Wide besom sweeps the skies ;

But thee a purer light will guide
Through peril and through pain
Across a world of sorrow wide
To God's eternal gain.

Ah ! never holier call than thine
To mortal yet was given !—
A message beautiful, divine,
On angel wings from heaven !

What though thy way be dark, thy spring
Of life by woe be spanned,
Go forth to bless where suffering
Awaits thy healing hand !

Thy voice as soft as seraph's song
Will fall where sickness pines,
Thy woman's pity be more strong
Than wine of mountain winds.

The blessings of thy tenderness,
Thy patience and thy trust,
The flowers of purest happiness
Will scatter on life's dust.

And death will wait with gentler hands
To break earth's holiest ties
Where'er thy presence sweetly stands,
The *woman* in thine eyes.

While sorrow by the lonely hearth
Shall bless thee for thy balm,
When love that looked too long on earth
Has reached th' eternal calm.

TO A SUMMER CLOUD.

O RESTLESS cloud! how fleetingly you move
 Across the summer blue;
The arid earth is longing for your love,
 Is yearning now for you.

The viewless winds are calling, "Come, O come!
 No longer idly roam,
Back to the pondering ranges dim and dumb,
 Back to your ancient home!"

And ever for that low voice of the wind,
 Leaving the languid grass,
Leaving the hopeless meadows far behind,
 To the deep hills you pass,

Where darkness and the melancholy winds
 Wake deep prophetic tones,
And the red serpent of the lightning twines
 Around the cloudy cones.

Ah ! stay awhile ; the misty peaks can spare
 The bounty of your rain :
The music of the mountain stream is there,
 But here the arid plain.

Ah ! here the blessings of your silver showers
 Will glad the thirsty earth,
Revive the spirit of the grieving flowers,
 And fill the lands with mirth.

And once again the glory of the green
 Will flash from meadows cool,
And for the dusty hollow rifts be seen
 The welcome amber pool.

O restless cloud ! with longings wild and vain
 We too would reach the height,
Unhelping pass along the lowly plain,
 And lose for darkness light !

And leaving souls that yearn for help, as flowers
 For love of light and sun,
Would seek the higher hills to find our powers
 And purposes undone !

AT LORNE.

No sound from the sea for a token
Of life on the sea-green floor,
And the plumes of the wind lie broken,
And the wave lies dead on the shore,
Discrowned of its pride ere discrowning
The shores of their shells new-born,
Where thy sentinel cliffs stand frowning,
O loveliest Lorne !

In a world where the winds are powerless
I stand in a dawn of dreams,
By the fields of the green sea flowerless
Of foam and the white sea-streams,
No sail in the golden glory
Of dawn on the dumb wide deep,
On wastes that as time are hoary
And sleepier than sleep.

Is it weary—the sea? Does it hunger
For rest that we crave as boon?
Does it yearn as when years were younger
For the love of the luring moon?
Is it changed? Has old Time that assuages
Our griefs for the loves that have flown
Since the mystical dawn of the ages
Made softer its moan?

Do we pass like the shadows and leave it
Immutable, marvellous, still?
Will time that takes all things receive it
Fulfilled of its uttermost will,
When earth and the burdens that fraught her
Ride loose on the storm-steeds that flee
No more o'er the wastes of the water,
The widths of the sea?

Here, under the cliffs that are ringing
With sound of the sea-mew's flight,
The pink to the gold weed clinging
Gleams out on the gladdened sight;
And down where the shore lines shimmer
With tints of the wide pure morn
Lost gems of thy sea-gods glimmer,
O loveliest Lorne!

Thy rocks in their pools imprison
 White drifts, and the wave's rich gold,
And the sea-weed red as the risen
 Day-dawn with its rose unrolled,
And the locks of the brown kelp falling
 With the falling and rising tides,
Or swayed when the wave outcalling
 On the grey rock rides.

Now a sound, and the waves make forward
 On the shimmering wet sea-sand,
And a wind on its wing bears shoreward
 A sign to the listening land ;
There is song in the sound it utters
 And the music of laughter low,
And the heart of the glad land flutters
 Where the sea winds blow.

Now a note of the wind, and the hollows
 Are filled with the flights of foam,
And the wave in its triumph follows
 Where the feet of the fresh winds roam,—
Now the beauty of life and the raptures
 That rise in the loveliness born
From the glory that gladdens and captures
 Our spirits at Lorne !

* * * * *

You are voiceful, O deep ! Do you fashion
A song we interpret in vain ?
Is there naught in your power and passion ?
Is your moaning the voicing of pain ?—
Nay ; a voice that is deeper and sweeter
Than the depths of the measureless sea
I hear in the music and metre
And moaning of thee.

The voice of the Spirit that kindles
The life that outliveth the sun,
And the glory, O sea, that dwindles
When thou and the earth are as one ;
When no longer the sound of thy voice is,
And ringed by a region of love
The life that is lent us rejoices
Immortal above.

THE BELL-BIRD.

WE heard the wild swan's organ note,
The wild swan northward flying,
And said, "What sweeter echoes float
Of echoes faintly dying?"

The plover's challenge wild and shrill
Came o'er the shining shallows,
And now embushed the waters spill
Through haunts the bell-bird hallows.

What cared we if the magpie's throat
A wild waste chorus drifted
While loud and clear the bell-bird's note
The wind of summer lifted!

It filled with sound the tinkling dells,
It rose in rapturous gushes
With melody more sweet than swells
From throats of English thrushes.

Ring, sudden bells of birds, for dear
Your notes to leafy covers,
Your carols of the yellow year
In haunts where springtide hovers!

Ring, forest bells! your mission fill
For all the fiery summer,—
To hidden stream and ferny rill
To guide the thirsty comer.

Ah! oft methinks some sweet Undine
Thou art, my bell-bird bonnie,
Thou hidden minstrel of the green
Unhiving song's rich honey!

Some echo of God's summertide
That fills in Song's completeness
The chancel of the forest wide
With hints of Sabbath sweetness.

A DEAD FOREST.

A FOREST dead ! a solitude
Of gaunt and hoary gums,
Where never wild bird rears her brood,
Where never wild bee hums,
They stood in ghostly grim array
With white arms thrown aghast,
Weird Titans of a vanished day,
Grim spectres of the past :
The winds that woke the forest psalms,
Low songs from whisp'ring lips,
Lay still within the shroudless arms
Of those dead eucalypts.

Beneath no beauty of wild ferns,
No tender mosses grew,
No waterfalls from green old urns
That forest dipped in dew,
That worn and wasted lonely land
Where haply whistling spears

Sped glancing from a dusky hand
Back in the dead old years,
That solitude where hapless fate
With death was left to mourn,—
So wan it was, so desolate,
So wasted and forlorn !

And yet they tell that once the wind
To music here was wed,
Made lutes of lordly boughs and thinned
The green leaves of the dead ;
That here the plover came and went,
The wild bee hummed at noon,
The curlew's lonely life was spent
From moon to waning moon,
The white-winged ibis sought the rim
Of yonder pool unstirred,
And here the wild swan used to swim,
The warrigal was heard.

Now flower of beauty never grows
Where once the shining spring
Kissed lover-like the wild-briar rose,
Set blossoms burgeoning ;
The sounds that filled the leafy wold
With summers of delight,

The music and the bloom of old
Have passed into the night.
And now the bunyip only walks
Beside the choked lagoon
What time its fringe of whisp'ring stalks
Is silvered with the moon.

O wasted wood ! for thee no springs
Are glad with green and gold,
No beauty of the old time clings
Around the ruined wold ;
Earth yields no more her liquid store,
Clouds weep for thee in vain,
Thy face that laughed to gold of yore
Will never smile again !
Dead forest, o'er thee shadows rise,
Winds moan upon the height,
The stormy message of the skies,
The voices of the night !

RESIGNATION.

IF I am girt by wind of stormy wings
And ruin of red lightning on the sea
Of life, whose shore is filled with murmurings
Of that great life to be,

I will not be rebellious through my trust
In Thee, and Thy fulfilment of a day,
When the soul severed from its prison dust
Shall seek its homeward way.

Yet every day more timorous it grows,
Though nearing no Nirvana, but the bliss
Of days without desire, of deep repose,
Of joys that clasp and kiss.

Even if my days were brighter in the lands
Than when the East with light is all aflood,
When dawn has slain the darkness and his
hands

Are rosy with her blood,

I would not say, "Behold my happiness!"

Knowing full well that grief and searing pain
Are the strong ministers that rise to bless
And make us whole again;

That from the ruin of the storm we win
The after-brightness wonderfully blent
With darkness; and that Sorrow's discipline
Shapes life to calm content;

That he is wisest who will strive to be
Little of earth, where hopes are shadows
cold,
Who, missing not God's meaning here, shall see
The dark clouds backward rolled.

ODE TO THE NORTH WIND.

WIND, who art the bringer
Of the heat that slays,
Though for thee no singer
Ever woke sweet lays,
Though the woods bear token
Of thy heart's desire,
All disbranched and broken
By thy feet of fire,

Wind of summer blowing
With unbated breath,
Where no green thing growing
Brooks thee, wind of death,
Where no verdure changes
With a face of cheer
Rugged stony ranges
Half the fiery year,

Now for thee, fierce comer,
Song's wild wings arise,
Born of tropic summer
Under rainless skies,
Where dread drought discloses
Wild waste tracks as red
As a ruin of roses
In a roseland shed !

Healing as sweet pity,
Thou wilt drive away
From the noisome city
The mephitic day :
Down the fetid alleys
Blows thy fiery breath,—
Shield against the sallies
Of disease and death.

Let the West wind whisper
To the nodding flowers,
And breathe low at vesper
To the dreaming bowers ;
Let him, lazy lover,
Kiss the languid sea
While the skies above her
Blush unceasingly.

Let the salt South measure
Widths of white-haired seas,
Rich with ozone treasure
For his votaries.
Let the East upspringing
Crisp the sloping lawn,
Voiceful with the singing,
Thrilling birth of dawn!

Thou a nobler message
Bearest on thy way,
Every word a presage
Of a purer day,
Every sound a herald
Of thy cleansing breath
In the ways imperilled
Of the wings of Death.

CAPTAIN COOK.

O'ER waves that rolled in wild unrest
The dauntless sailor came,
And land and sea conspiring blest
The seed-time of his fame.

And drifted down the alien straits
He saw in dreams sublime
The lands swing wide their golden gates
To meet the march of Time.

He saw the vision of the years
In glory bright unfurled ;
The vanward march of pioneers
Across a waiting world ;

The rudiments of empire set
To Nature's harmonies,
Where ling'ring spring and summer met
Above the laughing seas.

Great Captain, o'er the misty sweep
Of years we still discern
Thy brave *Endeavour* of the deep
The mystic waters churn,

The rapture of that radiant time
Which through thy triumph rolled,
And bless thee for thy faith sublime
In those brave days of old !

O, still be ours through mighty years
The glory of thy name,
And far be that dead year which bears
No flower of all thy fame !

•
DISCORDANCE.

IN spring's reiterate way the wind distilled
The forest sweets with low elusive laughter,
And from its mouth blew fragrances that filled
The meadow lands thereafter.

It seemed the richest radiance of spring
Concentred in this day of sweet October,
That flowery field and sky conspired to bring
Magnificence to robe her.

I said, "This day is perfect. Never day
Was beautiful as this with all the graces
It giveth to the golden hours away
In yellow-hearted places."

But suddenly a thin voice full of woe
In half-articulate tones of gentle pleading
Broke in upon the glory and the glow
Of loveliness exceeding.

One false note in the diapason grand
The symphonies of choral music blended :
How suddenly the glory of the land
Irrevocably ended !

RECONCILIATION.

HERE, take my hand! We who were friends,
Shall we diverge on separate ways?—
To one great goal our pathway tends,
One evening all our days.

Ah! sweeter far when we shall meet
At eventide beside the goal,
As friends of old to fondly greet,
Soul rushing unto soul;

And not with sad averted gaze
From eyes that half with yearning look,
While memory paints the dear old days
When we together took

With sounding oars the tide of time;
And strengthened in divided power
Sought fairy isles where dreams sublime
Lorded the golden hour.

So take my hand, for ah ! too rare
Are friends to drift apart in strife :
Whom reason guides should make "*forbear !*"
One maxim of his life.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE HIGINBOTHAM

(LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF VICTORIA).

I.

OR ere the season plumes one vagrant wing,
Unvext by visitation of decay,
From the old year in triumph let us wring
One tributary day,

And on his grave—the grave of him that died
Girt thick with shining honour as with steel
In the old year—ah ! softly side by side
In reverence let us kneel,

And place one rose of our regard which gleams
Still splendour-lit from that dead year which
drew
Far from us to the empery of dreams
A soul, great-hearted, true,—

A soul that shone as heavens clear of cloud,
With steadfast flame and starlike in the sky
Of duty, though ambition thundered loud
As Boanerges' cry.

II.

Yes, he is gone, of all our greatest chief,—
A second bridal weds his mighty soul
To the immortals. Nevermore shall grief
Awake him, or a murmurous people's cry!
Forth faring he hath reached the last great goal.
He is not dead! Children of darkness die.
For him her fadeless scroll
Fame shall outspread;
And while the mighty seasons onward roll
Mem'ry shall guard the dead.

III.

Now who shall wear the livery of the lost
Of all the swarming host,
And feel the influence of every hour
A talisman for power?
He stood upon the mountain height of thought,
Keen searching through each hollow scheme and
plan,

Yet to a life of noble action brought
Faith in his fellow-man :
The maxims of the free he kept
Still undebased by servile deeds,
And where the weeds of falsehood crept
He sowed of truth the seeds.

IV.

Duty his watchword who for ever saw
Men struggling blindly on a beaten way
Through human hate and multitudinous lies,
Unheeding of the one great perfect law
Leading their spirits upward to the day,
Up to the imperturbable great skies.
He saw beyond his age ; he firmly set
His steps beyond the barriers of his time :
The golden sense of right which fails us yet
He held. Ah, woe ! the dreaming autumn prime
Paid him no golden debt.

V.

No craft of statesmen made his spacious hour
Large with the hope of power ;
Spurning the venal crew, unto his land
A bribeless spirit gave he for a dower,

A white unsullied hand.
Our Anakim of right!—his scorn
Made shivering intrigue quail
And cower low-beaten like wide widths of corn
What time bears down the gale.
And so he kept supreme above deceit
And all the little littleness of men,
Steadfast as billow-smitten rocks that greet
The roaring cohorts of the ocean when
Storms smite the sea, and the loud winds again
In fourfold onsets meet.

VI.

Farewell! no perishable fame is thine;
For progress in her ever-during song
Shall keep thy name; and duty, the sublime,
Shall hold thee mighty in her deathless throng;
And as the soaring æons sweep along
The stainless record of thy noble life
Shall quicken to great strife.

December 31st

MAIDENHAIR FERN.

OUT of this sweet midsummer morn
A glad low wind dishevels
A waste of bloom, gold widths of corn,
And on the river revels.

A wild young waif, enchantment, fills
The woodlands wide with pleasure,
While Nature hangs upon the hills
Her sylvan-bannered treasure.

By waving slopes our pathway trailed,
Flower-led in sweet recesses
Whose fragrant chalices exhaled
Wine-breaths of wildernesses.

And now a sudden forest turn,
When lo! our search was ended,
For with the range's ruder fern
Our maidenhair was blended.

How sweet and tenderly it grew,
A wilding charm displaying,
As half it feared the winds that blew,
And half the waves astraying !

A gentle life that frailest seemed
Of waifs the woodland cherished,
Yet all a summertide it gleamed
While stronger growth had perished.

What strength was here, what subtle charms
The tender leaves were hiding ;
What love encircling in its arms
The beauty here abiding !

Is Nature on this mountain wall
The stronger life unheeding ?
Doth greater love more tender fall
Where frailer life lies pleading ?

Believe it not !—One purpose vast
Runs through His wide creation,
That maketh sure when time is past
Beyond the stars our station.

With sweet sufficiency it gives
To all its equal healing,
And prophesies of love that lives
Beyond its rich revealing.

UNDINE.

SOULLESS nymph, so legends say,
Spirit of the waterway,
River haunter who will be
Gifted with mortality,
 With a soul immortal, pure,
When she weds with man and shares
Evermore life's crescent cares
 And the sorrows that endure.

And for ever doth she pine
For that gift of grace divine,
Prescient of the bliss to be,
Heaven's immutability;
 Of the glories that await
After trial, after woe,
All the millions here below
 Battened in the holds of fate.

Vain life's sweetest gift if she
Soulless sinks into the sea
Of oblivion, unblest
By the vision brightest, best!—

Better far the stormy strife,
Better ceaseless buffeting
Of the waves and winds that ring
Round the iron shores of life.

Not from darkness are we come,
Climbers to Elysium,
Not to nothingness and gloom
Leads the pathway of the tomb;
Never struggle yet was vain,—
He who planted tare and weed
Sowed the dominating seed,
The imperishable grain.

Therefore somewhere shall we be
Dowered with immortality,
When the shell of life is shed
Passionless and cold and dead.
Yea, in ampler day will shine
Friend by friend, for evermore
Sharers on a glorious shore
Of the love that makes divine.

And the nymph Undine meseems
Typifies our human dreams,
Aspirations, and desires
Of the spirit that aspires
 Ever upward to the light
From the darkness filled with throes
Of the doubts that seek repose,
 Groping in the girdling night.

ON THE NINETY-MILE BEACH.

No lonelier coast where the echoing sound
 Of water is wild in its roar,
No lonelier land where the rollers resound,
Where solitude infinite, awful, profound,
 Impends on the limitless shore,

Where man may not measure the limits of peace,
 Of days unfulfilled of desire,
Of wind and of wave, and the spirit's release,
Afar from the hoarding and striving that cease
 Not here till Time kindle his pyre.

All seasons are glad in this land unpossessed
 Of all save the guests of the year—
The clouds and the rain and the wind without rest,
The notes of the birds that know never a nest
 By the waters reverberant here.

Ah ! here, where the musical note of the swan
Far inland is heard on the breeze,
From rivers her squadrons are anchored upon,
From islands and lakes where the waters are wan
And bitter and salt as the sea's,—

The sea that has never a rest, where no aisles
Of forest are fain of her shore,
Yet glad in the wide indivisible smiles
Of dawn on the deep when the morning beguiles
With splendour her luminous floor,

And scarcely subdued when the waters in chime
Yearn westward with sense of eclipse,
Ere rise o'er the rampire of darkness sublime
The sentinel fires that are scatheless of time,
Nor fed by the breath of man's lips.

The feet of the month of the South, of September,
Ring sweet on the ridges they roam,
Till the beaches are glad with the joys they
remember
When strengths of the summer discrown and
dismember
Sea-meadows of flowers of the foam.

When storm-winds, inglorious awhile, are asleep
 On ways that are paved as with gold,
And lulled for a season have captured and keep
Delight like a spirit enchained, till the deep
 Laughs landwards with waters unrolled.

Delight in a world where the wind and the wave
 Are lovely as leagues of the strand,—
Ah! here, where all sorrows and griefs have a
 grave,
Where life in its loneliness utter is slave
 Of Delight that is lord of the land.

A. L. GORDON.

UPON our ears the music of his song
Fell, and the winds that locked their lips too long
Quickened to life, and every tuneful height
Took form and colour in resplendent light
As he, the sovereign poet of our clime,
Wedded his soul to Nature's cosmic rhyme,
And from the marriage musical rose clear
And sweet such sounds as rippled Rydal Mere.

Now is the great voice mute, the music still,
And his last twilight settled on the hill!—
Nay, not his last! Let wind and wave and
flower

Share the brief blessing of the fading hour,
Its perishable splendour,—but for him
Time's solemn twilight only will make dim
The fame that shines from glory's living page,
Smiles on oblivion and outruns its age.

For he is one of the illustrious choir,
The wreathèd line of the Mæonian sire,
That sing for ever while the heart of time
Beats to the music of the spheres sublime ;
Yea, sing for ever where, high laurelled peers,
They heed no loud laudation of the years
Swelling above the tumult and the strife,
The lust of living that unmaketh life.

NATURE'S LESSONS.

IN countless ways she doth unfold
Her love through passing hours,
By gifts of tender green and gold,
By jewelled fruits and flowers.

For us she swings her golden gates
Apart that all may cull
Her bounties held in rich estates
Of wild lands beautiful.

She holds within her shining hands
The gift that beautifies,
The joy that fills the radiant lands
With lives of glad surprise.

She droops with autumn-time to warn
With symbols of decay ;
But prophesies of good unborn
In winter's stormier way.

With buds and flowers her newer birth
 Puts human griefs to scorn,
With verdure of the happy earth
 And springing of the corn.

And so with leaf and spray of spring
 She draws her symbols clear,
To teach the good of suffering,
 The hopes that vanquish fear,

The rich return our lives unfold
 Beyond the riper years,—
Yea, prophesies in smiles of gold
 The triumph of our tears.

WHERE SLEEP THE DEAD.

I.

THEY sleep upon the ocean's slimy floor
In awful majesty alone,
The waters roll above them evermore
The sea's perpetual moan :

Is theirs a rest beneath the sleepless tides
That mock the old moon-haunted earth
With that low cry of one with whom abides
Sorrow from his sad birth ?

II.

They slumber in their graves in forests old,
Wind-haunted hollows for a tomb,
Where moaning wilds to weeping skies unfold
Their awful gulfs of gloom :

Is theirs a rest beneath the forest pines
That wail to every breeze that brings
The first note of the storm for whom the winds
Unplume their ruffled wings ?

III.

They sleep in cities where the ceaseless hum
Of life no instant ever wanes,
Where the slow tides of being go and come
Freighted with groans and pains :

Is theirs a rest where noisy waves of wan
Worn life for ever restless roll,
The tread of myriads marching blindly on
To no ideal goal ?

IV.

Ah, yes ! in sea, on land, they soundly sleep ;
They hear no more life's mighty din,—
As the last age, so too the next, as deep
In sloughs of sloth and sin ;

But they are heedless as the shrouding sod,
Drinking no more life's bitter wine,
Drunken with perfect slumber !—O my God,
The dead are truly Thine !

THE WIND OF THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

BLOW, wind, thou herald of a sweeter morning !
Wave wide thy wings : for me,
With joy I hear thy cohorts wild forewarning
What time they storm the sea.

Blow, wind, unto thy rugged voice I hearken
Beneath the low grey arch ;
What though the skies of sunny spring-time darken
Over thy wild dread march ;

What though the censers of the flowers are
swinging
With unseen hands in prayer
Against thee, wind, thy stormy challenge flinging
Upon the voiceful air,

I hail thee as a gladsome waif that wanders
Over a laughing land,
Over a world where sweet September squanders
Gold from her golden hand.

For from thy wings a hint of light and gladness
Is shaken as perfume :
The winter wanes, the season's note of sadness
Dies with the dying gloom.

And in the pauses of thy winds, for token
Of light that speaketh loud,
Flowers waken from their day-dreams thunder-
broken
Beneath the driving cloud.

There in green haunts of spring-time's wild
dominions
Lit by diviner spheres
The soul is borne on mem'ry's shining pinions
Back to its sinless years.

Blow then with music over wold and meadow,
Toss wide thy waying locks,
Sweep from the skies the stormy season's shadow,
Wind of the Equinox!

A LEGEND OF ROSES.

DAILY she stole from out her palace door
To seek with gifts the ghettos of the poor,
To save with bounty of her kindly hand
The dying in her famine-stricken land.

Lone secret ways she sought as one abhorred,
For he whom she looked up to as her lord,
Through idle rumours sown of evil seed,
Forbade on pain of death the holy deed.

But to her soul still pure and virginal
Came as a voice divine the heavenly call ;
And still she stood for pity's sake each day,
One of God's angels where the Shadow lay.

So once, when dusk had dimmed the Western
flame,
Out of her halls with store of food she came ;
But scarce had passed the garden's flowery space,
When lo ! her lord rose wrathful in her face,

And fiercely cried, "What hast thou, woman,
here?"

But she, all pallid with a white-faced fear:
"Red roses in this basket, sire, I bring,
A gift to one who lies in suffering."

Whereat he tore apart the frail white lid,
To bare the secret bounty that she hid;
And lo! she saw a sudden swift surprise
Gather a glancing wonder in his eyes.

And there, great marvel, to her wild amaze,
Red roses were unfolded to his gaze!
While soft as song she heard a voice above:
"God never fails the creature of His love!"

A FAREWELL.

ACROSS the wide unwintered skies,
The wizard world of blue,
The light of Summer sweetly lies,
Of summertide for you.

By phantom breaths the woods are fanned,
By phantom winds the day;
No more to this November land
The desolate skies show grey.

Yet while the seasons come and go,
Glad souls with joy to fill,
For thee the changeless Summer glow,
For me the Winter still.

Yea, Winter through the changing year,
While alien paths we tread,
Though dips again the rolling sphere
Where Summer's glow is shed.

Thy way is bright with bloom of flowers,
For thee the roses blow :
Far other fields than rosy hours
A sweeter gift will know,

When Autumn buds beneath thy feet
Are dreaming Summer sings,
And silver rivers run to greet
The voice they vow is Spring's.

So part we!—when the gulf of youth
Shall widen more and more,
And love-dreams lack the guise of truth
On mem'ry's misty shore,

Mayhap the thought of thee shall stand
A star in skies of grey,
A lamp in mem'ry's twilight land
To cheer my lonely way.

A RIDE SEAWARDS.

BUT the leagues of the land were lovely, the heart
of the day divine,
As we rode by the honeyed meadows and drank
of the mountain wine,
And the day took heart from the heavens, and
the heavens took heart from day,
And the miles were ablaze with blossom, and a
hundred colours lay
On headland and peak and forest ; and ever there
grew and grew
The sense of the dim sweet depths that were blue
as the heavens were blue,
The sense of the sea we saw not, divine as the
heights may be,
And sweet as a keen south wind sent forth from
the live strong sea.

And we rode from the valley reluctant, for sweet
was it there to rest,
Clad round with the bloom that was golden as
stores of the wild bees' nest,

Girt round with the murmur of water that bab-
bled and bickered and fell
Wherever the lightwood brightened the walls of
the winding dell,
Wherever the scent of the wattle, flung out where
the miles were long,
Came swift on us, mixt with a chorus, wild,
waste, from a world of song,
While ever with music that lightened the hollows
and heights that morn
The song of the glad sweet sea on the wings of
the wind was borne.

And we rode over long green ranges, loose-
reined, to the far green height,
And there in its glory and splendour supreme on
our eager sight
The rapturous waste of the waters, the tremulous
world of the sea,
And the wind with a heart that was heaven, and
whose soul was the minstrelsy
Of the waves that broke on the headlands, gusty
with salt and spray,
And the stern grey bluffs that shouldered the
strengths of the tides away!

And we gazed and we wished that morning,
dream-bound in a glorious gaze,
That time might stay for a season the wheels
of the rolling days.

For a day was born triumphant and keen in its
might to slay
The thoughts of the restless rolling, the din of
the world's wild way,
Whose light on the breezy headlands, on the
grey rocks dim as a dream,
On the widths of the sunlit waters, was perfect
as song supreme.
And we said, "Though the years are many and
darkness has clothed them round,
This hour is of God's own giving, this gift of a
day gold-crowned,
The crown of our toil and striving, where sweet
to the yearning sight
The infinite sea in its grandeur speaks loud to
the lordly height."

AN AUSTRALIAN ANTHEM.

ETERNAL SPIRIT, who hast led
From shores where sleep the mighty dead
Our fathers with Thy guiding hand
In safety to this morning land,
To Thee with radiant hope we bend :
Guide Thou Australia, Father, Friend !

In wisdom's ways O lead us still,
Submissive to Thy holy will !
Be Faith and Hope and Charity
The links that bind from sea to sea
The children of this goodly state,
Heirs to a still more glorious fate.

O give to us the gifts of Peace,
The teeming flocks, the years' increase,
The glad gold widths of waving corn
Outpoured from Plenty's flowing horn,—
Those bounties shed from Nature's hand
When Freedom rules a smiling land !

And grant us prophet-heroes strong
To stand for faith, to trample wrong,
To shed the light of love and hope
Where sin and error blindly grope,
And draw around us and above
The symbols of Thy perfect love!

Yea, guide us that our land may grow
Upon no conquered nation's woe,
But mighty by that love which shone
Resplendent through Thy sinless Son!—
To Thee with radiant hope we bend,
Guide Thou Australia, Father, Friend!

SONG—DREAMS.

ERE upon my golden dreams
Breaks the daylight, come to me
Visions glad with gladd'ning gleams
Of delight and love and thee ;
And a voice from dreamland calls,
Voice of sweetest music born,
Till across my slumber falls
The reveille of the morn.

Ah ! the sadness, when the gleam
Of that vision dies from me :
Down the pathways of my dream
Do I follow, follow thee
Borne afar on phantom wing,
Till the night sets to the sea,
Till again in slumbers cling
Round my spirit dreams of thee.

NOORONGONG.

REIN your horses in, my comrades, underneath
the length'ning shades

Ere the evening frames a purple fringing for the
distant glades ;

Rein your horses, for a beauty undiscovered, still
unsung,

Lies before you in this valley nestling mountain
peaks among.

Let the grey old bards of Tempe wake a wide
world song of praise,

Bright'ning like a shining river down the grand
heroic days,

Sweeter than all themes of singers, of far sound-
ing sons of song,

Is this radiant land that greets you, is this vale
of Noorongong.

Never have your eyes beheld yet, never may
your eyes behold

In our far-off singing seasons, lands so glad with
green and gold ;

For behold, it lies a splendour past all visions
of our dreams,
Lies a glory hymned of only by the winds and
woods and streams,
Radiant with leaf and blossom laughing to the
blushing skies,
When the morning meets the mountain with a
kiss of glad surprise,
When the dawning flashing golden flames the
rosy range along
Kindling into life's keen rapture all this land of
Noorongong.

Ah ! but when the evening folds it and the calm
of sunset steals
Noiseless with a ghost of vapour over all the
quiet fields,
When the herds are slowly winding over leagues
of waving grass,
And the wild cranes seek the sedges, and the
wild swans homeward pass,
Then, my comrades, surely islands, Happy Islands
of the Blest,
Hold no region more enchanting, hold no sweeter
realm of rest

In their bright sea-cinctured glory, where nor
winds nor waves wax strong,
Than this river-haunted valley, than this vale of
Noorongong!

Gaze, my comrades, for this glory will not wholly
pass away :

Mem'ry will recall these spaces in some far-off
other day,

In the crowded city, maybe, we will turn with
wistful eyes

To the dim vague misty mountains where the
cool green channel lies,—

Yea, will turn as fancy wanders over happy
scenes of old,

Slowly wanders till it leads us to this land of
green and gold ;

Then, my comrades, 'mid the tumult of the
crowded city's throng

Will descend like dews of morning memories of
Noorongong.

THE CRISIS.

SHE lies so still and quiet, angels calling
Will surely not disturb her dreamy rest ;
The rich blooms from the roses long are falling,
And lo ! her cheek is pallid as her breast.

All day a silence dark and deep and holy
Has fallen on the happy-hearted farm ;
All day the mellow winds are melancholy,
As nature sinks in grief's encircling arm.

Ah ! do they miss the breezy tresses swinging
That shook their golden sunlight to the day,
The rose-red lips with music ever singing,
Blue eyes wherein the summer dreaming lay ?

The ploughshare lies above the furrow broken,
The idle team has slumbered all a day,
And round about the homestead is the token
Of grief that nevermore may fly away.

No sound is heard save from the sleepy meadows
The kine are calling loud ; the bleating sheep
Make voice upon the hillsides where the shadows
Have kissed the gulfs of green to vestal sleep.

She is so young to die ! we who are older,
We who have passed the portals wide of woe,
While hearkening to the smile of pleasure colder
Than petals of white roses of the snow,

Why should we wish, though spring is only
touching
Her life with all the beauty of its grace,
To call her back into the fierce wild clutching
Of love illusive, standing face to face

With sorrow and the pain for ever ringing
The streams of life that darken as they flow,
Yea, darken though a little they go singing
Through valleys where the summer seems aglow ?

But ah ! she lies so still a selfish sorrow
Has folded us within its dark embrace,
To dream will grief be mightier on the morrow,
To shudder at the awful angel's face.

What care we for the glow more bright than levin
That floods the palace gates of Paradise,
The awful light of the eternal heaven
That dawns apace in those angelic eyes?

To us the glory of the golden portal
Shines cold and drear and lustreless and dim ;
For ah ! we still would wish her to be mortal,
And throb with love and life in every limb.

AN ANSWER TO WILLIAM WATSON'S
"LAST WORD: TO THE COLONIES."

FOR thy brave words of wisdom and of cheer,
Strong singer of the music-cradled North,
We whose brave fathers went from Britain forth
Back in the day-dawn of a wild old year
Send thanks. O never may thine England fear
That we, born, bred of British stock, shall fail,
Should the Colossus of the North assail.
Nay, we thy far compatriots are here
Ready, aye, ready. Let the word be said,
And we, the sons of sires that shook the world,
Will rise for her, the mother of our might!—
We who, when on the sands of Egypt bled
Our kinsmen in the smoke of battle furled,
For England faced the desert and the night!

PIONEERS.

WILD wastes of wildest seas by winds upcurled,
The Cape of Storms to bar their dauntless way,
Strange perils at the portals of our bay
When first the flag of England was unfurled ;
And now the strength of Britons boldly hurled
Against dark battlements of wilds that lay
In dim magnificence from Time's first day ;
And lo ! the cosmic thrill of a new world !
What words august for those brave hearts of old,
What song supreme to shrine their deathless
deeds,
What monumental memory to rear?—
Sufficeth they will live in sons as bold
That still shall scatter o'er the world the seeds
Whose harvest swells from ripening year to
year.

TO ORMOND COLLEGE.

EVEN as a sovereign eagle on some height
Which dawn has ringed with radiance rich and
bland,

Sublime, august, in glorious youth you stand
With eyes enkindled of the day's first flight,
And heavenward gaze beyond the shadow of night
And ignorance. At thy supreme command
Leaps the broad light of knowledge on the
land,

Keen to outburn the sun-god's living light ;
Nor less than thine his glory who first led
Thy feet that shine through days, nor cold nor dead
For us who love his worth. Grey time may
rear

A pyre for passion and dead hopes, but we
Hold higher than all the love that casts out
fear,

And deep as death's irremeable sea.

TO W. J. MEADEN.

I KNOW not if the absence of desire
Hath wholly won thee from the beaten way,
Or if thine eyes have sought the heights alway
Where, loving truth, the happiest aspire ;
I know not if upon pale passion's pyre
Are set the bygone hopes of some sweet day,
Whose ghost thy life has haunted. This I say,
"Thy life is nobleness !" What praise is higher ?
For nobleness is that great light which throws
A ringing radiance round our darkened days,
A glory that redeems our fallen state ;
For it begets all virtue, and it glows
More glorious than imperishable bays,
Untouched beyond insuperable fate.

TO E. B. LOUGHRAN

(ON RECEIVING A VOLUME OF HIS POEMS).

IT came to me ere Autumn's glory fled
And April heard the singing voice of May,
Not sweeter than your own; the golden day
Dipped westward all forgotten as I read;
Night rose, and all the dreamy day was dead,
And star by star a silver sister kissed
In the hushed deep; and still with you a tryst
I kept, till lo! the wingèd hour was wed
To midnight, and the poet's feast was done!
But in my brain the ringing harmonies
Of tender verses held me fast, as one
That music-bound by ocean slumb'ring lies,
And knows not for delight what hour has run,
So sweet is all the night '*Neath Austral Skies.*

THE COMMON WAY.

ONCE standing in the silent place of tombs,
Awed by the evening stillness, I saw pass
Across the mounds of greenly growing grass
A maiden in the flush of life's first blooms ;
Then spake I, "Fear'st thou not the gathering
glooms

Here, where a ghostly silence haunts the day ?"
"Nay," said she smiling ; "'tis my only way ;
For yonder, see, the glimmering homestead
looms."

Then thought I on our common lot—how all
The moving throng of sad humanity,
To reach the haven of life's perfect bliss,
Must pass adown the paths where shadows fall,
Through death unto that sweet society
Where unifying love for ever is.

ON THE DEARTH OF NOBLENES.

How rare is nobleness ; methinks our age
Of gain and greed has crushed the morning
 sense
Of life. The brick-walled slaves of pounds and
 pence
But build for Time a worthless heritage !
For darkness is man's portion should he wage
War with his better angels for the sake
Of soulless happiness, and never take
To heart this lesson from sweet Nature's page :—
Be steadfast in the purpose that is pure ;
Be truthful, hedged around by many lies ;
Be noble in a world of much deceit,
Then will thy station as a star's be sure
Within the light of God's compassionate eyes,
Where dowered with grace we touch the
Saviour's feet.

IN SYDNEY HARBOUR.

(TO F. F.)

Do you remember yet the summer days
You made twice happy, O dear girl, for me
When sailing down the old wind-haunted bays,
Our dreamland was the blue impulsive sea!
Ah! then the birds of sweet enthrallment sang
A little space within my heaven of blue,
While choral music of the wild sea rang
With rapture of delight for me and you :
Still sweet the radiant summers come and go,
And love illumines the seasons as of old,
And down the harbour bays the glad winds blow
Where blue widths of the ocean are unrolled ;
But ah ! what dreams are mine of that dead year ?
What shadows of the phantom past appear ?

THE WILD WHITE MAN.

THE WILD WHITE MAN :'

AN AUSTRALIAN TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

LAND of my birth, my boyhood's hours,
Most dear to Mem'ry's hallowed bowers,
Where childhood's sunny day took wing,
Unbodied, perishable thing !
Thou mighty cradle of dead years,
Rocked by your rugged pioneers
What time those fearless elders dared
 The stormy terrors of the Cape,
A world of varied perils shared
 This plastic world to shape ;

¹ The following poem is founded on historical facts, bearing on the life and adventures of William Buckley, an escaped convict, who lived among the blacks for upwards of thirty years.

And bursting like a gathered storm
Slow rounded into shape and form
The embryonic work that grew
Another Britain, whence you drew
The strength that nerves your bosom still
And your supreme, enduring will.

Beloved land ! when fading time
Shall sound for me its vesper chime
And fill life's modulated day
With breathings of its holier lay,
O, be my fondest wish to see
Thy full-orbed glory crowning thee,
Thy years resplendent sound and shine
Rose-girt with brotherhood divine,
And all thy sons united be
And wise to rule thine empery ;
Strong under freedom-loving skies,
Made doubly brave by Peril's ties ;
Reliant by the triumphs won
Through Toil's all-glorious martyrdom ;
Till nerved by Honour, steeled by Truth,
A noble manhood crowns thy youth,
And Virtue's trumpet sounds afar
The presage of Love's Avatar.

Part I.

THE ESCAPE.

The curtains of the past are drawn,
The naked eld again appears,
And in a vision, lo! the dawn
Of waking life in wild old years!
A white-winged vessel in a bay
Where wind and wave in gentle play
Gave greeting to a stranger band
And lured them to the flowery shore,
And the low winds of summer bore
Loud voices to the list'ning land.

* * * * *

What tides of life have rolled since then
Their burdens on the Austral shore
O'er hearts that broke through gorge and glen
And Hope's exultant banner bore!—
The brave oak-hearted pioneers
Who bore the burden of old years,
Who set their faces to the foe
Thrice twenty glowing years ago,

And brooked the grim austerities
Of alien lands, of alien seas
Where icebergs wand'ring Northward clave
The lonely, shipless Southern wave,
And barren islands bleaker faced
Than ice-floes strewed the watery waste.
Can you, ye men of yesterday,
 Appraise the perils of the dead ;
Can you their bravery gainsay,
Deny the bardic wreath we lay
 On tombs to glory wed ?

They live no more ; but ah ! each name
Is sanctified by living fame,
Is jewel-starred and firmly set
In Mem'ry's gleaming coronet,
Shines out when glory's scroll unfolds ;
And Time, true test of worth, beholds
In her Valhalla shine like suns
The records of those dreamless ones.

* * * * *

But where yon white-winged vessel lay
What sailor bands, what strangers, say !
Did sweet Romance's golden dreams
Allure them from their native streams ?
Did wild Adventure's restless breeze

Drive them across the weltering seas?
Or came they here to found a home
By blue waves flowering into foam,
 Brave-hearted pioneers?
Ah, no! behold the felon's chain,
The low ensanguined brows of Cain,
Souls darkened with the deadly stain
 Of sinful wasted years!

Yet in that Convict band was one
Upon whose face the clouding sun
Of passion left no score of crime
Defiant of the march of time;
Youthful his frame, yet strong was he,
Yea, mightier than any three,
Who here of giant stature stood
Amid this doubtful brotherhood;
But well aloof he kept nor shared
Their idle vaunting hours, nor cared
Young Loman for that felon throng,
Their ribald jest, their rabble song;
For thoughts of times beyond recall
Rose fast as Mem'ry's frescoed wall
Brought back the summer days that were,
The hours unvisited by lips of care,
When mate of mountain, vale, and wood
He roamed by shining tarn and flood

As fearless, fetterless, and free
As sounding streams that storm the sea,
The eagle death alone enslaves,
Or winds that wing the dancing waves.
Nor master owned save One supreme,
The Lord of mount and mere and stream,
Of whose free gifts of sun and air
To man he claimed an earth-born share,—
Forgetful in a luckless hour

That sea and sky and plain,
Yea, spring's and summer's blosmy dower
And autumn's golden gain,
The ambient air, the grassy sward,
Created were by Nature's Lord

For one whose goodly claim
Dates backward to the Tudor time,
Was built on perfidy and crime,
Or woman's burning shame!

The beauty of the summer-time,
The magic of a stranger clime,
And the anticipated ease
After the wild wind-driven seas,
Awoke to laughter and to song
The olden joy that slumbered long
And filled the echoing forest floor,
The laughing tide, the sunny shore,

The startled glen and sleepy range
With music of a language strange.

The sea-mew saw the stranger's oar
Toss the light blue and win the shore ;
And wond'ring heard the first deep note
Of music from an alien throat ;
And gazing downward in surprise
Saw in the sailor's fearless eyes
The hue of her own sunny skies.
The dusky children of the wood
An instant by the water stood ;
An instant saw the glancing prow
Kiss the blue billow's laughing brow ;
An instant saw that morning face :
Was it a dream? Was this a race
Of spirits from a land of dawn?
Then passed like morning's rose away,
Like shadows of the breaking day,
The curtains of the night withdrawn.

They stood upon the new-found land
Irresolute, a wondering band,
Where now Sorrento's wave-worn cliff
Hails many a dancing ocean skiff ;
They stood where wasted bluffs rose high,
Hearts bred beneath a Northern sky,
Rude exiles from those island shores

Where Peace her golden blessing pours,
Where that great race hath grown
Whose fruitful, lordly branches sweep
From land to land, from deep to deep,
Wherever speech hath flown.

There in immeasurable woods,
In grim and voiceless solitudes,
Back in the heart of an old year
Loud with the wild man's singing spear,
Arose the first white gleaming tent,
The dawn of convict settlement.

Yea, in a land by shipless seas,
Where through the dim, dead centuries
Fair Nature lacked no winning grace
To crown the beauty of her face ;
Where in the glad wave prisoned lies
The sapphire hue of summer skies ;
Where every lingering season fades
Regretful from the leafy glades,
And longs to clasp within her arms
Her coming sister's varied charms
That bloom upon the smiling strand,
And blossom on the golden shore,
As year by year the sisters four
Stray singing through a fairy land.

Within a wood where Morning shakes
Her dewy locks of gold,
And rosy red in beauty breaks
Above the laughing wold,
Where never sound of Saxon speech
Drove the wild warrior from the beach
Back to his inland glades to tell
Of all the sea-wrought miracle,
They raised like eastern pagods round
Their white tents on the forest floor
In immemorial woods where hoar
Great gum trees shadowed all the ground,
Ere the loud axe with ringing stroke
The sombre wall of forest broke,
And made a widening space that stood
Upon the border of the wood :
A wild home for a wilder horde,
For crime from sorrow's vial poured !

Sad waifs ! by strong temptation driven
For earthly hell to barter heaven,
For flinty paths and stormy skies
The golden glades of Paradise,
And sweep far down that dark abyss
Where life bids long farewell to bliss—
For callous guilt and dull despair
Hold dread and equal sceptre there—

Till, sunk beyond recapture, all
The finer life is held in thrall,
And passions base, unbridled, free,
Hide the fair Soul's identity.

They hesitated, sinned, and fell,
Resentful heard the judgment knell ;
For cradled in the lap of Crime
And born in ignorance they saw
No social wrong in after-time,
No crime in violated law ;
And if the name of God they heard,
'Twas outcome of deep passions stirred :
Or they had heard perchance of old
Of an Avenger stern and cold,
With man the ruthless instrument
To work His earthly punishment.

Day after day the lash was theirs,
The brutal curse their matin prayers,
And for imaginary wrong
Keen terrors of the biting thong,
That dragged their better-nature down
Till vice from virtue tore the crown.

Young Loman held himself apart,
And hid with no untutored art

The stormy passions' waiting war
Beneath the lash's stinging scar—
The blow that made his manhood feel
What never words could well reveal,
And from his being rudely swept
The finer sense, the gentler traits,
And broke the subtle chord that kept
A note of sweeter days.
And deeper grew his dark despair
Shrouding a life that once was fair,
Till shrillest discord marred the keys
That woke the higher harmonies,
And early visions came to be
The ghosts of dead reality.

It chanced one summer day, as Loman stood
Hard by the border of the darksome wood,
Uprose the dark wall of a sudden cloud,
And waking winds took voice and called aloud.
Or ere the warning note had died, the wood
Bowed its grave head in reverent attitude,
While the swift heralds of the tempest run,—
Ho, hark, afar the storm-wind's clarion!

Then broke the storm upon the land
Red with the lightning in his hand,
And smote the forest with his sword,

And through the great gums storming poured
The fury of his howling horde

Of thunders on the startled land;
And swift as meteor's sudden play
Gross darkness fell upon the day,

Encircling Loman's band.
They sought the shelter of a tree,
Awed by the storm's sublimity—
A tree the mightiest of earth,
Coëval with creation's birth,
A loose-limbed Titan, towering there
Amphibium of earth and air.

But now fierce Nature's fiery flame
Had hollowed deep its giant frame,
And robbed its arms of vigour bold
Matured in centuries of old—
A giant tree whose hollow womb
Would well thrice thirty men entomb,
A refuge meet by Nature planned
For that tumultuous flying band.

Lo, clouds afire! and skies aflame!
Till heaven's lurid vault became
One awful flowing oriflamme,
Fierce as abyssmal hell;
And now the bright brands nearer fly,
The white death thickens in the sky,

Smitten, the great tree mightily
A shattered ruin fell.
Amidst that scene of wild alarms
No warder's cry: "To arms! to arms!"
For dead the gaoler lay;
But louder than the tempest's cry
A wail of human agony
That pierced the groaning day.

And Loman heard and saw, and drew
Resolve from hope lit up anew,
A quick resolve that shook his frame,
And chased the crimson tide
Of honest manhood brought to shame
And robbed of honest pride:
Hope sparkled in his kindling eye,
And Freedom whispered in his ear:
"The woods are thine, the woods are near;
No longer linger—fly!"

He looked upon his limbs, and lo!
The old-time marks of many a blow,—
Deep graven signs of chains accurst!
A cry triumphant fiercely burst
From out his breast, now passion-riven,
High heard above the warring heaven,

As he beheld the gaoler lie
A dead dull mass of ebony.
No tiger e'er through jungle burst
To rend his prey and slake his thirst
With fiercer instinct, savage, dread,
Than Loman bounded on the dead ;
And tore the keys from Death's grim grasp,
And loosed the cursèd shackles' clasp,
And stood erect, defiant, proud,
And laughed, as reft of reason, loud
 In Freedom's ecstasy :
Ah! little knew he then what pain
The coming years concealed!—how vain
 Man's brightest hopes may be!

But hark! what sounds are those he hears
That wake his newly cradled fears,
And drive the hot rebellious blood
Back to his heart, a recreant flood,
As icy in its pinioned tide
As lone Sabrina's sea-washed side?
What rushing steps his ears assail?
What loud alarm now fills the gale?
He pauses like the startled deer
In dread the baying hounds to hear,
Then dashed with ravening fear's wild rush
Through miles of tangled scrub and bush;

Till wounded, bruised and bleeding, he
Wins the deep hollow of a tree
Within that grave and ghostly wood
Stricken of sombre solitude.

And when the storm had passed away,
The spirit dark that grieves,
The glory of the parting day
Shone down on shimmering leaves ;
And Loman felt the magic power,
The glory of the gracious hour,
When golden skies conspired to dress
Nature in new-born loveliness,
When every hill's high turret showed
What splendour to the westward glowed—
Each seemed a watch-tower in the skies
The stormy march to signalise
With changing glories, as the day
In flaming beauty died away.

Yes, Nature wildly revelled free
And held him to her breast, and he
In that great hour of gladness gave
Love for sweet love in dreams that crave
The full fruition of desire ;
While she with all her gorgeous choir

Sang of the mighty marvel wrought—
For so her song was to his thought—
And voiceful in the evening air
Uttered her sweet, melodious prayer.
And as he listened in that hour
Of Freedom blown to perfect flower,
The crystal springs of feeling rise,
 And once again sweet tears he wept,
 Such tears as when the Peri crept
Back to her long-lost Paradise.

Part II.

THE RETURN.

O Freedom! name for ever blest
Since first thy starry march began,
Since down the ways of wild unrest
The ages crowded ran.

When high o'er all thy symbols flashed
Men heard thy mighty voice and woke,
Beneath red skies where dawns dashed
With fires of freedom broke.

Red fires that fringed the fount of day
In darkness hid, O God, how long!
And smote through shadows thick and grey
The mists of ancient wrong.

Till Hope took heart and hailed thee far
The mightiest since earth began,

Great Pilgrim of the years that are,
O spirit guide of man !

O light of ages, greater grow !—
Too long the world hath waited thee,
Thou source divine whence sweetly blow
All winds of liberty !

As hills pour forth their joyous song
When spring-time breaks the river's trance,
And winds and waves the notes prolong
Of earth's deliverance.

So song in rapture hails thee born
On heights that know but heavenly birth, *
Thou mother of the mightiest morn
That ever filled the earth !

And, Freedom, thou wast his who stood
Alone with thee in that wide wood,
With Hope that winged reluctant hours
As sunset lingering left the bowers.
And now hushed evening fills the glade,
The ebon hand of night is laid
Upon the dells below ;

And swift the unimprisoned beam
O'er range and valley, wood and stream,
Chases the flying foe.

He watched the growing crescent moon
A silver arc on high,
As rapt from some far plenilune
Into the hollow sky ;
And though its beamy radiance shone
Upon no castle dark and lone,
Upon no wasted ruins grey
Sapped of their pride by old decay,
Their glory of an elder day,
Yet beautiful the woods outspread
By lightest winds untenanted.
The hills in many a vasty fold
Of dark magnificence unrolled,
Piercing the argent fields of light
In bold relief that made more bright
The silver hollow of the night.

And now young Loman's waning power
Pays homage to the passing hour :
Relaxing nature loud demands
The aid of ministering hands.
But though nor fruit nor berried trees
The pangs of hunger to appease,

He laughed in all his manhood's pride,
A laugh that shook his locks of brown :
"What care I for the fiend," he cried,
"If sleep but seal my eyelids down ;
What care I for his vain assault,
While here a king uncrowned I lie
Beneath the free and flowing vault
Of God's star-spangled sky ?"
Then laid him down upon the sward,
The flowery laughing lea,
To garner all the sweet reward
Of toil's best legacy—
Nor all the quaintness loud and deep
Of him that filled the grove
With mocking laughter broke that sleep,
Those dreams of home and love.

Thus fled the hours, and ere the night
Disjewelled for her hasty flight
Passed from the misty mountain lawn,
She kissed the sleepy lips of dawn,
Who blushed a rosy red that grew
A fiery spot of angry hue ;
And for his desecrated sleep
His quiver forth he drew,
And where the wanton fled the steep
His gleaming arrow flew.

And while the woodland rafters rang
With varied sound and song,
Loman in new-born pride upsprang,
And to the vagrant breezes sang
The morning woods among.
There never Saxon song before
Made music on the forest floor
Or woke the woodland aisles ;
There never wild bird stayed its wing
To hear the cheery echoes ring
Along the waving wilds.

LOMAN'S SONG.

I.

The skies are bright, the woods are green,
A wild new life I follow,
Afar from men
By gorge and glen
And stranger height and hollow.
The grass shall be my welcome couch
While silver skies hang o'er me ;
For freedom's wine
Is mine, is mine,
And joy is all before me !

II.

The torrent leaping from the hills
Will hail me, thirsty comer ;
 Its glassy wave
 Will be my grave
The hot mid-days of summer.
My food shall be the speckled trout,
Where shallow streams are flowing,
 And juicy root,
 And forest fruit,
And wilding berries growing.

III.

O bounding stream and wanton wind !
I share your happy laughter,
 As wild as ye,
 And O, as free,—
To-day knows no hereafter.
Sing out, ye birds with breasts aflame !
Glow heavens sweetly o'er me !
 For freedom's wine
 Is mine, is mine,
And joy is all before me !

For him the weird wild woods among
Glided slow-footed time along,
December waning died ;
The flaming sword of summer fell
Unsparring on the withered dell,
Upon the range's side ;
Blood-red through misty vales of smoke
At intervals the wan sun broke ;
The woodlands far and wide
Lay stirless as a forest dead
From weary day to day,
As Nature's hoarded treasure fled
The fiery forest way.

His aimless quest from day to day,
Where woods and wilds untravelled lay
And miles of flowery plains and fair,
Had led his wandering footsteps where
Rude ranges frowned above the sea
In stern and wild asperity.
Nor speech of man nor human sound
Awoke the solitude profound :
The music of the feathered throng,
Their matin or their vesper song,
Alone illumed his weary way
From rosy dawn to twilight grey—

Gay victims of a wild unrest,
In green and golden plumage drest !

Nor in his wand'rings did he see
The face of aborigine ;
For him no favouring fortune smiled
In that inhospitable wild,
Or brought the trackless woods among
Fulfilment of that morning song.
Upon a jutting crag he stands,
Gaunt was his frame and worn his hands,
Sunken his cheek, and dimmed that eye
Of dull despairing apathy ;
And wan and woful was the face
Where scarcely might the watcher trace
The lineaments of human grace.

And now the low-voiced babbling sound
Of waters woke the peace profound,
The ghostly reign of death that broods
Within those mountain solitudes,
And swelled upon his listening ear
In soft and silvery cadence clear,
And called his wandering steps aside
To win its cool and crystal tide.

And as he slakes his burning thirst
And laves each weary limb,
A cry of new-born rapture burst
Triumphantly from him ;
He trembled like the autumn spray
In early blasts of winter grey ;
The floodgates of his hope once more
Give way the rushing tide before
That bore for freight upon its wave
The treasures of Aladdin's cave,
Or aught that avarice may crave.

There midmost of its bed he found
White sand by golden trophies crowned,
Rich relic of the torrent's force
Unveiled in that worn watercourse.
For ages haply there it lay,
Garnered in Nature's wondrous way,
The glinting glittering gold—
Such boundless wealth as legends say
In Gyneth's sleepy palace lay
Far back in days of old.

For ages through the dim dead past
The golden wonder lay ;
There haply too the wild man passed
Unconscious on his way,

Feeling no greed intuitive
Within his heart arise and live.

The sudden glow which Loman felt
As by the scattered sands he knelt,
 Human of heart and eye,
Revealed not in that hour of pride
That nature even then denied
 What gold could never buy.
How few there live who claim the power
To rise above Temptation's hour
And scorn the bribe, the golden gifts,
In her bewitching hands she lifts
 To lure the heart and eye!
Lives there the flower in wood or grove
Which spurns the glowing sun-god's love,
 And blossoms but to die?
Did ever mortal tear away
The hungry lion's rended prey?

Weak nature, inconsistent, strange,
Capricious as the varied change
Of colours, when the waning west
In hues prismatically drest
Illumines all her chambers bright
With glories of the waning light!

Frail nature! ever blown about
Upon the changeful winds of doubt,
The sport of every breeze that blows
The petals from the wasted rose
Of passion's stormy day,
Thou strange and variable thing,
No weaker in life's golden spring
Than in life's winter grey!

He stood beside the creek, his hands
Grasping the golden-weighted sands :
The sorrows of his stormy day
Melted like morning mist away,
As now hope fires his cheek where pain
The rose of health had rudely slain,
And with its olden flame made bright
The eyes that lacked their morning light ;
And trembling all, and passion stirred,
The beating of his heart he heard,
No longer faint and slow :
A great glad rapture swayed and swung
His quivering frame, and round him flung
In ecstasy its glow.

Ah ! what avails the gold he spurns
With naked feet where'er he turns?

Better one hour of glowing health
Than lordship o'er ungarnered wealth,
To feel again the olden power,
The blossom of his manhood's flower.
Ah! what avails that here he stands
Sole lord above these golden sands?
And musing in that empty hour,
Tricked with the mockery of power,
Came back to him the story old
Of food transmuted into gold
By that sad king whose greed, men say,
Baulked the rich splendour of his sway.
"Ambitious fool," he musing said,
"Take, take the gold, give me the bread!"

Awhile he stood, his heaving breast
The tumult of his heart confessed—
Its purple riot—as each limb
Quivered like light leaves under him
When a low wind of morning wakes
Faint music on sleep-folded lakes;
Yet shorter-lived than thunder-peals,
When autumn from her warring fields
Scatters with light irriguous hand
Small bounty on the thirsty land,
Was that fierce storm that shook his frame,
And rocked ambition's dying flame,

And filled his soul with wish as frail
To live as flowers in winter's gale.

But when the panting passion sped
He raised a pallid face and said :
"Woe, want, and sister misery
Are goads for ever driving me
Down to despair's fierce hell ;
And vain is sleep, for sleep is slain,
Each dawn beholds the darkness wane
Above this restless shell !
Yet fairer, Death, thy portal shows
Than the old life of bitter blows,
Better the wilding's flinty woes
Than man's inhuman strife :
I'd gladder grapple with grim fate
In these wide forests desolate
Than live the other life ;
Yea, even rend the veil and see
Beyond the wondrous mystery ;
But dread the hand that lifts the oar
On life's reverberating shore,
Across the misty low-voiced sea,
Where never backward swings the prow
On that dread deep of mystery
Whose moaning haunts me now.

“ Yet, what if all this wealth should be
The gate of opportunity !
What if I brave old fate again
And clanking horrors of the chain !—
The golden wonders of my tale,
The story of this gleaming vale,
As o’er the land its echoes roll
Shall thrill men’s hearts from pole to pole,
And win perchance for me, for *me*,
The guerdon of a pardon free ! ”

He ceased, and gathered in his hands
Rich tribute from the shining sands,
The magic talisman whose glow
High hope revived, despair laid low ;
Yet all he would have freely given
 For one glad hour again to roam
 The meadows of his Northern home
Under their cold and cloudy heaven.

Now slowly up the blackened height
Whose hue might rival ebon night,
For on its face the fire-fiend set
Eternal gloom’s dread silhouette,
He passed, and toiling slowly won
Where first the morning meets the sun.

What prospect greets his eager eye
Where all is wood and misty sky?
Wild range on range in dim repose
With rock-strewn pinnacles arose ;
And down each thunder-blasted face
Grim gorges might the watcher trace ;
And mighty crests of time-worn rock
In quaintness thrown by some rude shock,
Great masses piled in midmost air
That stood since dawn's creation there,
Nor basement wide nor aught to clasp
To save from doom's impending grasp,
But clinging to some shattered cone
That speaks itself of death wind-blown—
Huge hanging bulks, you well might deem
A blow would break their cloudy dream
And whirl the crashing death to drag
A ruin down from crag to crag.

There one might read what torrent rage
Wrote Nature's desecrated page :
The flood in winter's stormy plan
Had proved a rugged artisan,
And worn in plates of granite grey
The summer's gentler waterway.

And far below the grim ravine
The wild dark hill-heads stood between,

The gloomy gorge, where scarce the day
Could cast a luminating ray,
Now widening into gullies vast
Where Nature's self looks on aghast
At ruin wrought, what time from heaven
On wings of storm the flashing levin
Rocks, trees, promiscuous hurled
From the grim bulwarks on each side,
Stern sentinels that ever eyed
The wild dark underworld.

But westward far shone like a shield,
Outspread before his eyes,
The sea upon whose glassy field
No wind and wave arise ;
No white sail broke its dim expanse,
No wings upon the waters glance,
No wine-dark waves with lapsing chime
Broke the sweet dream of summer-time.
There lay the goal of all his fears
Now dim as seen through rising tears,
And there the goal of all his hope
Now bright in fancy's horoscope.

Alternate feelings ebb and flow
As noontide shadows come and go
Across the ranges old,

And lure his footsteps falteringly
By wandering woodways to the sea,
The sea of burnished gold.

For days the wild and rocky shore,
Weary and worn, he wandered o'er,
Beneath high bluffs, stern battlements,
Where wind and wave made ruthless rents,
The cave his welcome bed,
And goodly festival it gave
What time the tributary wave
Its spoil deposited.

But ere the fifth glad evening fell
He gained again the wooded dell,
And stood a quarter-league or more,
Sorrento, from thy rugged shore,
As fearful yet to boldly face
The terrors of the dreaded place ;
For Mem'ry plied her bitter scourge
Till action stood upon the verge
Of weak irresolution's power.
Resolve, thou transitory thing,
Spreading thy light inconstant wing
To every fickle hour !

Another night ! how coldly fell
The wind upon the lonely dell !

How weirdly all the gaunt trees stood,
Grim phantoms in a ghostly wood!
For darkness was a gruesome thing
That brushed him with its boding wing,
A hov'ring great black bird of prey
Brooding above his life away.

Day rose upon the rugged steep,
And kissed the glad expectant deep,
 And woke the forest wide;
And laughing sky, and winsome wold,
In waves of splendour brightly rolled,
Crimson and amethyst and gold,
 Laved in the sunny tide.

And later, when the dews of morn
Had wasted from wild briar and thorn,
 The haggard wretch arose,
And wearily his way he bent
Up the low range's battlement,
 Sleeping in still repose.

He climbs the weary summit; now
Descends into the wood below,
 Unhappy haunt of old;
You trace him by the noisy flight
Of parrots in the morning light,

Resentful of their ancient right
Of reign within the wold.
Now peering forth, now lurking low,
As one who fears a hidden foe
In secret ambush there ;
But hark ! upon the rising breeze
A sound is wafted from the seas,
That swells into rude melodies
And fills the morning air :—

SONG.

Farewell to the forest !
Farewell to the shore !
Where the pang that was sorest
Oppresses no more ;
Where pain and sad sorrow
No longer shall kiss ;
And grey grief may borrow
A season of bliss.

Than wings of the swallow
More swift is delight,
Than flame in the hollow
Red regions of night,
Than fancy attaining
Sweet visions aflight,

Yet our sorrows are waning
On wings of delight.

Hail, ocean ! far sweeter
For pangs that are past,
Sound, billowy metre !
Blow, arrowy blast !
The sea is before us,
The woods are behind,
Ho ! welcome in chorus
The wave and the wind !

As winter torrent sounding hoarse
Rude rushes down its mountain course,
Ill brooks the wave the rocky mass
That leans above the narrow pass,
Strong for the furious fray,
Borne past the shoulder of the rock
And shivered by the stormy shock,
It foams upon its way,
So through the tangled underwold,
Ungilt by morning's gift of gold,
Sped Loman swift as hunted deer,
Now shaken with a nameless fear.

Beneath the trees that fringed the wood
A breathless moment there he stood !

Was it a dream? Did fancy weave
A vision only to deceive?
Or lacked his eye through lustre dim
Reality again to limn?
Stirless as death the dark camp lay,
Nor sound nor sign to glad the day;
And all was noiseless as the grave,
Save the low washing of the wave.

He gazed upon the shining sea:
What vision mocks his view?
What tall ship rides so gallantly
The brows of yonder blue?
Across the wave glad voices sweep,
The cheery "Heave ho!" rings,
The dark prow glances to the deep,
The anchor upward swings;
And with a cry of anguish he
Fled to the low shore of the sea.

Lo! yonder sail of plumage grey
Bearing its freight of crime away
That lingered but a short-lived day,
Nor left behind a sign or trace
Or Memory of its ghastly face,
Or of its evil power,

Throughout our youth or morning prime,
Through all the lapsing tide of time,
To this our latest hour.

There on the morning-coloured sands
He stretches forth his suppliant hands,
And called aloud : " For Christ's sweet sake
Me, desolate and outcast, take !
O, take me from these solitudes,
Where death for ever darkly broods ;
Leave, leave me not, old comrades true,
Abandoned by my God and you ! "

That human cry from man to man
Across the moaning waters ran ;
But ah ! in vain he cried !
The twinkling billows' laughter now
Invites the keel ; the glancing prow
The glad blue waves divide.

Then o'er his brow all rushing came
A glow more bright than morning flame ;
His veins upstarted on his brow,
Weaving their close-reefed cordage now,
While flashed the light of great despair
From his wild eyes. His shaggy hair
Rose on the wind, and every limb
Quivered and quailed as into him

The gale of passion smote its power,
And filled him in that awful hour
With that wild fierce consuming hate
That leaves its pathway desolate.
He rent his garments, tore his hair,
And left his bleeding bosom bare ;
And in that hour of dread despair
'Twas pitiful, O God, to see '
The wan man's awful agony.

Then through his clenched teeth there came
Hissing, these broken words of flame ;
For all his strength seemed brought to flower
To blast that dread inglorious hour :—
“Go ; and if curse of mine can speed
To doom, then is your doom decreed !
And be that doom such as men say
God metes to sinners on that day
When thunders sound His baleful ire
'Mid lurid flames and awful fire !
May every ill that life assails,
May every pang that pain unveils,
May fell disease and misery,
Grim vultures, hover over ye,
And limb by limb your beings shred,
Living yet dying, alive yet dead !

.

“May every crime that sin can plan
Bring you beneath your brothers’ ban,
That, trebly cursed, your lives may be
Blasted by foul iniquity!
That when your spirit upward flies,
Your God from His high Paradise,
Relentless in His anger fell,
Your souls may hurl to deepest hell.

“May Lucifer’s dread angels grim,
Obeying the behest of him,
The furnace feed that laps your tears,
While shrieking laughter in your ears,
Ye coward fiends of life accurst!
When ravening with hell’s fiercest thirst,
May fiery flames——” Wild glared his eye
Afar on mingling sea and sky;
Then, dropped his palsied outspread hands,
Stricken he fell upon the sands.

The tide rolled in with ripple sweet
And paved with gold the sloping floor,
The wave unheeded kissed his feet
And shone along the shining shore;
A light breeze from the ocean blew
The cooling of its garnered dew,

And glowed the glad sweet morning light
On grassy slope and laughing height ;
The sea-gull skimmed the twinkling deep,
Glanced from the wave with landward sweep,
Rose on the breeze and wooed the shore,
A moment poised its level o'er,
Saw from her station in the sky
Below a pale prone figure lie,
Then startled sped with seaward sweep
Over the solitary deep.

Part III.

AMONG THE BLACKS.

Sweet are the sounds of early morn
When wild winds sweep the dapple grey,
Calling across a world new born :
“ Arise ! awake ! the day, the day ! ”
And sweet the music of the wold
That welcomes with its happy lay
The broad'ning fringe of sudden gold
Upon the flying verge of day.
But ah ! though Nature sweetly wakes
Her wild-waste songs that heavenward reach,
What sound harmonious ever makes
The music sweet of human speech !
What river of soft sound one hears,
Dear as remembered tones that shed
Their radiance in the bygone years,
The other years, the old-time dead,
What melody of winds may match
The winsome prattle of a child !

Go, Nature ; thou canst never snatch
Notes sweeter from thy warbling wild !—
Build up for ever sweetest sound
Of wind and wave, all that rejoice,
Nor ever shall one note be found
To match the music of the voice !

O'er miles of trackless forest hoar,
Skirting the long low broken shore,
For days the outcast wandered—*free*,
FREE ! God, what haunting mockery !
Alone, alone for evermore
Upon a grim forsaken shore,
With never ray of hope to bless
The lone land's utter loneliness :
The grey rocks where the sea streams flowed,
Where sea and sky together showed
So desolate,—a dead man's face
Would be a comrade in that place !

In aimless wanderings day by day
He trod the lonely forest way,
Till winter fled, and spring-time bloomed,
And summer spring's young life entombed,
When hot winds winged the ranges old,
The valleys deep, the plains unrolled,

And gaining now the summit high
Of one lone peak that kissed the sky,
He looked adown on woods unfurled,
Lord of that wide but lonely world.

And here upon the wind-blown height
Did Loman rest him through the night,
If rest and relaxation be
When north winds blow unceasingly.
But as the dawn to morning grew
The blood-red disc arose anew,
And with wan lustre weirdly shone
The wasted, fainting lands upon ;
For three full days with fiery breath
The hot wind blew, a wind of death,
O'er all the land that shrouded lay
In deadly trance from day to day.
Nor life through all the forest stirred,
Nor voice arose of beast or bird,
Till this fourth morn its wings unfurled,
And woke a three-days' sleeping world
With sounds that filled the stifling air
As if hell's legions revelled there.
And Loman heard, and looked with awe,
As over all the land he saw
A growing darkness drape the sky
And pall the sun-god's drooping eye.

And now a roaring sound afar
Like ocean wild when waters war
Upon an iron rock-bound shore,
Or wild Niagara's sullen roar !
For hours the flames of lurid glow
But made the darkness deeper grow,
As scrub and bush and giant tree
Were clasped in death's extremity
By that devouring monster grim
That feeds on log and fallen limb,
Nor even spares with fiery tongue
The hidden life of summer young.

And farther went and nearer came
The dancing, leaping, lapping flame,
As from the boughs the birds fell dead
To feed the fiery furnace red.
And howling dingoes fled in vain
To win the wide and treeless plain ;
The diamond and the carpet snake
In writhing terror flee the brake,—
The hissing tiger shuns the strife,
For once solicitous of life !
But over voice of beast and bird
The roaring sound is ever heard
Of crackling flame, and falling tree,
And dying Nature's agony !

The burning brands that flying fell
Made hell on earth, and earth a hell!
And terror loosened every limb
As Death's loud trumpet spoke to him:
"O God!" he thought, in horror dumb,
"Christ's Judgment Day has come! has come!"

A moment, and the chains are clear
That bound his limbs in mystic fear,
And leaping down from rock to rock,
From boulder grey to granite block,
Through scrub and undergrowth he fled
And over blackened logs and dead.
Now down some dark and grim ravine
Where summer's sun was never seen
He breaks his terror-haunted way
For many a mile on that dread day,
Till weary at the day's blood noon
He wins at last a low lagoon,
Whose dark and cooling waters lay
To windward far and far away.
And pausing here, and panting now,
He wipes his blood-stained cheeks and brow:
His fainting gaze now travels o'er
The hands besmeared with clotted gore;

And now the bruised and bleeding feet
His weak, bewildered glances meet ;
The naked breast that storms withstood,
Begrimed with sweat and smoke and blood !
“ O God,” he cried in agony,
“ Can this poor wretch be me, be me ? ”

For days the outcast lingered there,
While south winds cooled the forest bare
And laid upon the cloudy land
The healing of their gentle hand ;
Then far he wandered slowly back
On desolation's deadly track :
No more by tributary streams
The deep dell moss in beauty gleams,
No more the archèd hills salute
The wilderness with vernal fruit ;
Alone in all the waste is seen
The blackened gums disrobed of green,
As day by day his pathway led
Through spectral forests of the dead.
And now within a time-worn cave,
Hard by where thy slow wandering wave,
Sweet Barwon, mingles with the blue
Streams of the ocean, Loman threw

His wasted frame upon the floor
Vibrating to the billows' roar.
Nor cared he now as low he lay
How revelled the last dance of day,
Ere night led up her starry train,
For life to him was keenest pain,
And all his heart with hope was stirred
Of Death's irrevocable word—
Yea, hope that lit his fading eyes—
 For hope is one with life, and clings
 Around us with its golden wings,
Though doom in its fruition lies.

It was a dark but lofty cave
That easy flowing entrance gave
To sun and wind, for toward the sea
Westward its brows bent sullenly.
Upon its walls fantastic things
Were carved : strange birds with folded wings,
The slender great grey kangaroo,
The warrigal and dark emu,
Were rudely drawn—weird hieroglyphs
Of some wild dwellers by the cliffs,
Who imaged there in that lone place
This poetry of their wild race.

Within the sound of lapsing waves
He slept the sleep that nature craves,
His cares, his woe, his lonely lot
In slumber's sweet caress forgot.
And hour on hour he slumbered on,
While downward dipped the sloping sun,
Whose slanting golden-tinted ray
Crept slowly up the cavern grey
 And gilded all within ;
Now flooded full the ghostly place,
Now wooed him in a fond embrace
 To mem'ry back again.

His wondering gaze now travels o'er
The crannied walls, the rugged floor,
As for a space he pondering lay
Recumbent in the golden ray :
A moment, and his wandering eyes
Confess a haunting, new surprise ;
For there within the shadows grey,
Where sand and rocks commingled lay,
He saw upraised an inch or more
Above the wet sands of the floor
Some rudely wrought and fashioned thing,
 Some relic haply of a race

That rested in a bygone spring
Within that lonely place.

He drew it forth with trembling hands
From out the yielding yellow sands ;
And there upon the cavern's bed
It lay—a spear with broken head !
A spear that once with shining length
Sped forward with a warrior's strength,
While whistling winds a death-note sang,
And the loud cry of battle rang.
Ah ! little then could Loman see
This relic of the past would be,
This mute memorial of strife,
A thread within his web of life !

He looked upon the twinkling deep,
Fresh wakened by the winds from sleep :
How lovely and how lonely ! Half
 He wished the sea might cover him,
To sink and hear the waters laugh
 As the glad waves lapped every limb.
Now gazing down the sloping sand
He seemed to see a shadowy band

Whose murmurs floated in the air,
And to him, half in swoon and trance,
The winds of evening seemed to dance
Through flowing folds of flying hair.

No vision vain! against the sky
He sees wild dusky forms flit by;
And swift across his brain career
Confusing thoughts that disappear
In one vague wish fulfilled, as now
He stands beneath the cavern's brow;
And now, upon the darkening sands,
With straining eyes and trembling hands,
And sees those strangers of the wood,
Who in a wondering moment stood,
A shadowy phalanx, where the day
In the dim arms of twilight lay.

And when they saw in that lone place
This vision of a moon-white face,
They scattered wide like startled deer,
And one upraised the level spear.
And Loman saw the pointed doom
Quiver upon the heavy gloom,

And felt as one who nevermore
May hope to look on sea or shore,
While in that moment, deemed his last,
Thought backward wings the whole wide past.

But ere the pointed weapon sped
One chanced upon the broken head
Of the old spear that mouldering lay
In that lone cavern many a day ;
And to his brother-warriors he
Spake in strange tongue excitedly.
And they in wonderment beheld
That relic of the days of eld,
And looked on Loman ; and surprise
Lit the dark circles of their eyes ;
For they believed him of their race,
This stranger of the moon-struck face,
Some warrior who in battle died,
Returned again to be their guide,
While wielding tomahawk and shield
On many a gory battle-field.

They led him forth upon the sand,
They felt each worn and wasted hand,
And stroked his matted beard, and bent
Looks on his limbs of wonderment ;

Then pointed to the darkening skies
With strange wild gestures of surprise :
And Loman acquiesced ; and then
With joy they greeted him again
As brother, and they bore him where
Their camp-fires filled the evening air.

A moon of summer days rolled by,
And under autumn's glowing sky
He felt again the rushing flow
Of health in limbs with life aglow ;
For in the days of sickness he
Found in the tribe meet sympathy.
And many a dark maid of the wood
Within the stranger's mia-mia stood,
And tended him with gentle care,
That was the inmost soul's revealing,
For ah ! the woman's heart was there,
And pity stirred each gen'rous feeling :
But one, a maid whose dusky face
Had more than charms of youthful grace,
Would linger near and syllable
The language of her race, and tell
By that mute speech that fires the eye
Of more than friendship's sympathy.

And so he learned in hours of ease
The strange, barbaric tongue of these ;
And more, ah, more ! the radiant power
Of love that fills the shining hour
With rapture, and enkindles light,
And makes the inward spirit bright
 With hope's bewitching ray—
The moon of misery's dark night !
 The sun of sorrow's day !

And she was loving, laughing, gay,
 And human, young and warm,
The bloom of fifteen summers lay
 On every opening charm ;
The gladsome, glowing, morning light
 That sparkled in her eyes
Flashed as the brands of levin bright
 That lit her autumn skies.
And every limb was modelled bold
In savage beauty's ebon mould ;
For she was lithe in every limb,
And beautiful in darkness grim.
The freedom too of forests wide
 A savage grace bestowed,
And through her veins the lava tide
 Of love resistless flowed ;

And Loman in those witching hours
The honey drank of Love's wild flowers.

And when the sun-god woke the day,
And in the ghostly twilight grey,
Above his leafy bed she stood
In woman's sweet solicitude,
Winning him back in gentle ways
To dreaming hours and brighter days :
No marvel that his love she won,
This dark-eyed daughter of the sun !

And often when the hour was steeped
In evening's quiet spell,
Or when the silver sickle reaped
The shadows in the dell,
She'd sit by him and whisper low
The legends of the long ago ;
And most of all she loved, she said,
This old-time story of the dead :

THE LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED POOL.

Dark it lies, unlit for ever
By the smiles of laughing blossom,
When the summer on the river
Bares the beauty of its bosom ;

And the shadows seek it only,
And the rushes sigh for ever
To the night winds lost and lonely
Moaning on the moony river.

Years ago a dusky daughter
Of the wild tribes long departed
Stood beside the reedy water
Weaving fancies, maiden-hearted :
O, the laughing winds uplifted
All the beauty of her tresses,
Darker than the thunder-rifted
Glens of gloomy wildernesses !

There she waited in the shadow
Of the giant gums around her,
Waited till across the meadow
Love light-hearted came and found her ;
Then the sunlight smiled above her,
Then its amorous radiance sought her,
As they met, the dusky lover
And the maiden, by the water.

Well she knew the doom to meet him,
Foeman sworn of all her people,
Yet, love-led, she stole to greet him
By the windy mountain steeple :

Hate looked forth when love departed,
Warned the tribe of deadly danger,
And they rose up flinty-hearted,
Vowing vengeance on the stranger.

Hark, a sound ! Is it the thunder
Swooning, dying down the hoar lands?
Or the river cleft asunder
By the face of falling fore-lands?
Or the lutes of windy ridges,
Where the cloudy hosts of heaven
Build from range to range their bridges,
Shattered by the lurid levin?

Nay ; her brethren of the forest
Swift as glancing swallows sought her,
Fierce as when, O range, thou pourest
Down thy waste of stormy water ;
And the boomerang above her
Circled with a deadly warning :
Vain the weapons of her lover,—
Craven flight and foemen scorning

Thus he perished by the river,
And her cry of anguish ringing
Wildly made the forest quiver,
Made the birds forget their singing.

Then she turned, the dusky daughter,
From the face of her dead lover,
And she plunged into the water,
And the waves they closed above her.

So the pool lies dark for ever,
Never lit by laughing blossom ;
There the springtides wander never,
There no summertides their bosom
To the balmy breeze uncover ;
Only winds the lost leaves squander
Where the maiden and her lover,
Ghostly spirits, ever wander.

And he forgot his mother-tongue,
And wooed in her wild speech the young
Lithe maiden, till within his arms
He clasped her glowing dusky charms.
And in the tribe a chief became ;
For he was mightiest in frame,
And with the waddy and the spear
Inspired a more than mortal fear ;
Though never till he came a king
Had ruled their warlike race :
They heard the note of battle ring
Unchieftained, and the death winds sing,
Each chieftain in his place.

For countless moons he ruled the race,
The foremost warrior in the chase,
And keenest when the kangaroo
On the dark range arose to view.
And none could win the leafy lair
And slay like him the native bear,
Or with the spear like him how few
Could check the wild, the fleet emu,
Or with the boomerang could bring
From heaven the wild swan on the wing!

But ah, those days! those barren years
That never knew or hopes or fears!
Those everlasting cycles grey
That came and went like leaves away!
Nor wave of change on that wan sea
Of strange immutability!
Nor thought nor mem'ry's faintest gleam
Awoke the long-forgotten dream
Of home, or friends, or boyhood's face,
Among the blue-eyed Northern race.
Forgotten too the Saxon tongue
Those wild untutored friends among,
That language of the days of yore
His lips could syllable no more:
Reflection's halls he haunted not,
Identity and name forgot!

'Twas spring-time, and a sea of bloom
 Rolled o'er the yellow land ;
And where the winter's leaden gloom
 The ancient forest spanned,
Yea, where the grave old Harper's string
 Its rhyme of thunder rolled,
The lyrics of the leafy spring
 Made musical the wold :
She in a thousand happy ways
 Poured out her pilgrim song,
Her liturgy of dreamy days
 The annual woods among.

Yea, spring-time ruled the earth and sky,
But on the tribe lay heavily
The gathering gloom of hate ; for now
You trace it by the sullen brow,
 And glancing eyes' swift light :
A brother of the tribe had died,
Not in the battle's rolling tide,
The chieftain's aim, the warrior's pride,
 But in the silent night ;
And superstition spake that he
Had died of tribal sorcery.

They raised their brother-warrior dead
And hollowed in the clay his bed ;

And one, a sad-eyed weeping gin,
Fettered his knees beneath his chin,
For thus they deemed that never he
Could rise up from the grave and be
A wandering ghost, to smite with dread
The lubras mourning for the dead.

Above the grave huge logs they piled
To ward away the dingo wild;
And sitting crosswise on the ground
They voiced a low and moaning sound,
A low sound like the sobbing sea,
Their wild and native threnody.

SONG.

Farewell to our brother,
His spirit has flown,
The dark forests shudder,
The wild winds make moan!
To the haunts of *Nguthuru*¹ his spirit has fled—
Wuthung balumathi!² Our brother is dead!

In the forest primeval,
'Neath the rain-smitten limb,
Where *Ngarambi*³ makes revel,
We parted from him,

¹ Ghost or shadow.² Our younger brother is dead.³ Opossum.

While the dark chieftain lay on his bark-built
bed—

Wuthung balumathi! Our brother is dead!

Ah! the dark limbs shall whiten

Full many a day,

And *Kalarka*¹ outwiden

His wing-weary way

At the gleam of his bones, when *Nguruindh*² is
red—

Wuthung balumathi! Our brother is dead!

Farewell! but his spirit

Will walk with us soon,

And our mountains inherit,

White-faced as a moon;

In the forested deeps shall we hear his swift
tread—

Wuthung balumathi! Our brother is dead!

They ceased their mournful song, and when

The evening shadows cloaked the glen

And the low spires afar lay hid

Under a purple pyramid,

The warriors of the tribe came forth

And turned their faces to the north,

¹ Wild fowl.

² Sun.

And shook their long spears where arose
The mia-mias of their hated foes,
The while their war-cry's strident swell
Rang on the evening air
Till silence in the startled dell
Fled from its lonely lair.

And Loman vainly strove to quell
The tumult indescribable
That swayed the wild man in whose soul
Reason no instant knew control,
Whose morning life had cradled been
On many a savage battle scene,
Whose every impulse seemed to spring
Forth darkly on destruction's wing,
Until existence seemingly
Drew life from hate's inveteracy.

At length had died their wail, and when
The moon hung midway o'er the glen
Shook out like threads of silver hair
The night-time's dewless gossamer,
They formed a shadowy line whose march
Scarce stirred the gums' saluting arch,
And wound their way in spectral file
Through the dark bush for many a mile

So noiselessly the dells repeat
No sound of their unsandalled feet,
So soft the wild opossum deems
A night wind breathes, or only seems.

And now they stand upon a hill,—
Below the foeman's camp lay still,
 The fires burnt low and red ;
And all unconscious on the ground
The dark-skinned sleepers lay around
 As stirless as the dead.
And wommera, and shield, and spear,
The warriors' ready battle-gear,
 Upon the ground were spread.
Alas! no few will never wield
Upon the battle's bloody field
The deadly tomahawk and shield
 Against another foe ;
For noiseless as the windless sleep
Of autumn leaves the vengeful creep
 Into the dell below,
Down with fierce eyes all passion-lit
Like demons belched from hell's deep pit.

Each o'er a sleeping victim stood
A moment ere the spear drank blood :

Then rose to heaven one cry
That woke the desecrated wood
And rent the shuddering sky,
And filled the palpitating air,
The winds that slept in darkness there,
To overflowing with the breath
Of human slaughter, reeking death.

'Twas finished! and they passed away
As the first opal tints of day
Smote the dark peaks; but far behind
They heard a wail upon the wind,
A wailing cry of vengeance borne
On the low winds that woke the morn.

The death-song sounding in their ears
Across the haunted plain
Awoke their superstitious fears,
Nor winged their flight in vain,
As o'er the plains the demon throng
In madd'ning terror bore along,
And soon in that impetuous pace
Devoured the intervening space.
And ere the sun the zenith gained
They stretched them where the camp-fires
waned

And slumbered through the day ; and when
Night filled the forest floor again,
They rose and held in savage glee
Their weird and wild corroboree.

Two mighty fires were kindled where
A level stretch of land lay bare,
Which made the dim vague forest loom
Vaster in its funereal gloom ;
And thither came the joyous gins,
Wrapped in their loose opossum skins ;
And seated on the ground they sang
Strange snatches till the forest rang,
Re-echoing from tree to tree
Their wild unearthly melody.

And to the middle space aflame
Naked the eager dancers came,
Save that a girdle zoned each waist
With severed wild skins interlaced,
Rude thongs that hung before, behind,
And revelled with the wanton wind.
With boughs were bound their ankles bare,
The wild bird plumed their ebon hair,
Or lent its downy tuft to hide
Blood-dabbled many a warrior's side,

Where rings of many-coloured clay
In skeletonian fashion lay,—
How wild and strange 'twere hard to tell,
For it was weird and horrible !

In waiting lines the dancers stood ;
But when the first hoarse note and rude
Rose on the night, where sat the gins
Framing with wild opossum skins
Their muffled timbrels, lo ! the lines
Swayed to and fro like mountain pines,
Or tilting lances of the corn
Under the clarion call of morn.

Now right, now left, the warriors bound
Like kangaroos before the hound,
Now forward like a marshalled host
With deep plumes to the breezes tost ;
And now their spears the dark divide,
Now sudden win each warrior's side,
While level hands the phalanx fling
Upon the night winds quivering.

Through all the wild and spectral scene,
The gins low squatting on the green
Approval in the hoarse deep flow
Of savage guttural tones bestow.

Nor niggard praise they shower upon
Their leaping lords, as one by one
Each sinew strong and thew they strain
The plaudits of the crowd to gain,
The winning smile on woman's face,
Like others of a lordlier race ;
For they are strong in frailty,
And human, friend, like you and me.

But hark ! what wild and sudden cry
Resounding woke the echoes nigh,
And palsied all the circling throng,
The ghostly dance and mystic song !
For ere that cry had died away
Poor Lulu's lifeless body lay
Upon the sward, deep-crimsoned through,
First sacrifice to vengeance due !
A whistling spear from out the gloom
Hath winged its mission big with doom,
And ere one cries, " A foe ! a foe !"
The messenger of death laid low
The wife still flushed with summer gay
Loman had won in love's sweet day :
The wild and dark-eyed laughing gin,
Pure as a lily maid from sin,
Who tended him through darkened days
With all a woman's glentlest ways,

And made the sunshine of his life,
His loyal spouse, his loving wife.

And he who loved her with the glow
Of purest passion felt again
All the old grief of long ago,
All the old weight of bitter pain
That filled the old years with the cry
Of unbelief and agony.

Yes, she was dead ! whom Nature wild
Had fashioned pure and undefiled,
To whom she gave the rarest dower
Of love in her most lavish hour !
A savage she and unrefined,
Yet great of soul and large of mind,
Whose singleness contrasting shames
Those shrines where social grandeur reigns,
Where friendship's but a fleeting breath,
And impulse early frowned to death.

But Lulu felt the gentler part
Of pity in her woman's heart,
That fountain warm of love untold,
That casket bright of burnished gold !
What though the garden roses share
A place in beauty's shining hair,

The wild red rose upon the hill
Hath rarer, richer beauty still :
So she in her wild nature proved
That purest feelings deep can stir
The savage breast,—for ah, she loved !
But peace ! the earth is over her !
Is over her, the dusky wife
Of snow-white heart and stainless life !

And Loman bowed with grief grew grey ;
But when the autumn passed away
With wintertide, whose rugged flail
Smote lingering life within the vale,
When wattles bloomed again and spring
Among the grasses loitering
Scattered her gifts upon the earth,
Gladd'ning the old wan world with mirth,
He felt the season's gracious power
Revealed in every opening flower,
In every leaf the young wind swings
Joyous as in forgotten springs.
And gladdened by the year that spills
Rich wine out of the iron hills,
And quickened by the raptures keen
In one wide world of gold and green,
In one glad waste of flower and leaf
Marred only by man's senseless grief,

He shook aside his slow sad pain
As windy leaves their ling'ring rain,
Till sad-eyed brooding Memory cast
But broken glances on the past.

Part IV.

THE RESCUE.

We lay our loved ones down to rest
In all the trappings vain of grief:
The year's white garland on the breast
We weave from tender flower and leaf,
A passing tribute to decay
That scarce outlives the fading day,
Forgetful Nature's during bloom
Sheds ever-varied gifts on the unconscious tomb.

The soft low wind of fragrance tells,
White lilies over cloudland blow,
And wild flowers swing their azure bells
To woodland winds with music low,
A holy calmness fills the air
As Nature breathes her low-voiced prayer,
Rebuking all the outward show
Of idle words that make a mockery of woe.

Ah, leave them ! let the low winds stir
The grasses on their greening graves—
Death needs no false interpreter,
No lettered pomp, no marble craves !
They hear us not, wrapt in the deep
Embraces of diviner sleep :
Their ears to other sounds incline
In other fields that breathe the airs of love divine.

Now middle summer red with flame
Over the naked hill-tops came,
Burning with fiery breath the shade
Where low love's voiceless shell was laid,
Where fashioned from the ironbark
A rude memorial rose to mark
Upon the lonely green hill's side
The hapless spot where Lulu died.

And moons had rolled, and years had sped,
And Time his snow-white blossoms shed
Around the rugged wintry brow
Of him who mourns not Lulu now ;
Yet in her lover's heart there lay
Faint memories of that darksome day,
And that rude grave far far away.
But ah ! those memories were as gleams
Across a faint low land of dreams,

Unreal, vague, and undefined,
They swept, as barren moors the wind,
Through misty chambers of his mind.

And far away from that sad place
Where slept the fairest of their race
The tribe had wandered east, and came
 To a long stretch of level land,
A lonely shore, for miles the same
 Far weltering waste of changeless sand
That fringed for ninety miles the sea
With Nature's stern persistency.

And here for weeks their mia-mias stood
Upon the borders of a wood,
Within whose leafy archèd aisles
At times the wind-blown tide defiles,
Forming a chain of long lagoons
Nestling beneath the windy dunes,
Where swans deploy in lonely pomp
Their anchored squadrons on the swamp,
And the black duck unfearing leads
Her broodling from the sheltering reeds.

But once, night brooding on the brine,
They saw above the waters shine
A star that lit the ghostly tryst
Where winds of the horizon kissed

The yearning billows of the sea
Thrilled by their stormy minstrelsy.
And lo! again a brighter spark
Grew greater from the grosser dark,
And streaming wide upon its track
 A glowing radiance flung afar,
As bright as flushed in years far back
 The Magi's magic star.

And now with fixed flame it shone
The moaning waste of waves upon,
While on the shore the wild men stood
By wonderment and fear subdued.
And Loman! Him a strange wild wave
Of memory shook. So shakes the brave
Strong warder of the woods what time
The storm-god sings his song sublime,
And rends the heart of heaven and flings
Forth on the winds his flashing wings,
What time with flame of fire are shod
The loud feet of the rushing god.

For when he saw the first star dip
 And rise upon the distant wave,
 Ah! well he knew the sign that gave
The presence of a viewless ship,

And in his soul to flower there grew
The bloom of hope now born anew,—
Expectancy that fain would bring
Fulfilment on its golden wing.

All night upon the lonely shore
He stood, and watched the sleepless ray,
Until he saw upon the floor
Of dawn the blossoms of the day
In rosy fulness. Sweeter sight!—
Uplifted by departing night,—
He saw a goodly ship from shore
Some twenty cables' length or more,
Whose outlines nearer clearer grew,
As morning met the blushing blue.

Now o'er the waters came the sound
Of song, and all the woods around
Re-echoed with the minstrelsy,
For glassy lay the sleeping sea,
And stirless as a still lagoon
Kissed by October's wanton moon.

What dawn of hope revives again
A world of joy, almost of pain,
As from the great ship's lofty prow
A fragile pinnacle sees he now

The twinkling fields of ocean plough,
As bending to the glancing oar
The rival sailors sought the shore,
Tossing with rapture's keen delight
The waters into streams of white,
So eagerly they rowed to reach
The welcome changes of the beach!

Then, then the wild men startled fled,
And to the tangled forest sped,
And bore their hesitating chief,
Who quailed like June's last troubled leaf,
In fear's invasive flight away
From those white spirits of the day,
Whose gleaming tents in years long past
Were on their shores a season cast.

Now in the cover of the wood,
Watching, the dusky warriors stood,
And saw the white men leap to land
And bound along the morning shore,
And leave the yellow shining strand
And climb the hillside hoar.
They watch them as they stoop to fill
Strange vessels from a trickling rill,
Till laden with their liquid store
They seek again the shelving shore,

And turn their prow to breast the breeze
Now blowing lightly from the seas.

And Loman in the sheltering wood
Irresolute a moment stood,
Then frenzied with a hope new born
Pursued the parting sons of morn,
 And won the water's side,
And like the blind old shepherd he
Waded waist-deep into the sea,
 Into the rising tide.

The strangers paused a space, and one
 Glanced down a shining length of steel,
The gleaming level of a gun
 That woke the morning with its peal ;
For Loman swarthy was and dark,
And stood in nature's raiment stark,
So they had deemed him some fierce child
Cradled within the forest wild,
A subtle foe whose every thought
From guile and treachery was wrought.

Nor mercy in their hearts awoke,
As loud the deadly rifle spoke :
Now broad'ning on the heaving tide
His blood the waste of waters dyed,

As on its breast he rose and fell
Responsive to the sobbing swell.

Ah ! ill had fared it then with him
Lapped by the waters, lip and limb,
Had not his dusky brothers been
On that inhuman savage scene !
Unfearing that strange echoing roar
That death unto his chieftain bore
A warrior waded out and drew
His body from the blood-stained blue,
While others showered a sudden rain
Of rushing spears upon the main.

Then to the deeper woods they pass
And couch their chieftain on the grass,
And deftly stem the flowing tide
That trickled down his gory side,
And bathe his wound and chafe each limb
Till consciousness returned to him ;
And some in herbs most skilled to heal
From eucalypts an essence steal,
And wooed him back each watchful day
To life in their wild savage way.

But while he slumbered in the shade,
Where death with life the balance weighed,

The stranger bark upon the seas
Unfurled her white wings to the breeze,
The sport of Southern wave and wind,
And left the long low shore behind,
The cradle-couch of fresh despair
To him, hope's late expectant heir :
For when his wild and wistful glance
Embraced the shipless sea's expanse
When first he wandered to the shore,
Life's stern and passing conflict o'er,
The last faint spark that hope had shed
His heart upon lay quenched and dead,
Nor other guest may enter there
Save solitary, wan despair !

From day to day on that low shore
He hearkened to the breakers' roar ;
For winter's minstrelsy long gave
Its thunders to the sounding wave.
And while he brooded o'er his care
The tribe impatient lingered there ;
For they would fain again pursue
O'er ranges steep the kangaroo,
And in his gloomy forest lair
The sleepy gentle native bear :
For all the summer game had strayed
To every northern lake and glade

And left the wintry coast awhile
To revel inland many a mile.

And now the camp deserted lies ;
But still for hours his ling'ring eyes
Look yearning backwards towards the main,
Like her who fled Gomorrah's plain ;
For his dead hope had found a grave
By that inhospitable wave.
And of that wandering host not one
Who cheered not Loman's footsteps on
Through all the weary hours and days,
O'er widths of wildest woodland ways.
No more the fleetest in the chase ;
For now his slow and laggard pace
Kept music to the Lubra's tread,
While far and far the hunters sped.

And once again when time had flown,
And waning moons to years had grown,
The remnant of an old-time host
Had won again the caverned coast
Where Barwon's rolling rushing tide
Embraced the world of waters wide.
Here first young Loman joined the band,
All stout of limb and strong of hand ;

But ah! what wasting years have sped
Since then across his wintry head!
Full thirty years! oh, lengthened span
Of God's allotted life to man,
With ghastly nothingness all rife!—
Full thirty years of blotted life!

What dreams of hope, ah, dreamer vain,
Have fired thy heart, illumed thy brain,
Through all that long and lapsing time
Since manhood's proud and princely prime!
What ling'ring, cold, and stern despair
Hath silvered white thy flowing hair,
And left thee, as thou standest now,
As cold as Kosciusko's brow!

But scarce three suns arose and set
On Barwon's beetling shore,
Where Bass's thundering billows fret
The sounding cavern's hoar,
When they beheld with sails outspread
Far out upon the sea
A stately bark that landward sped,
And bore her gallantly;
And on she came, and gaily on,
The white man's great canoe,

The while the golden sunlight shone
And lit the waters blue.
Now scattered far with old affright
The dusky children of the night ;
But in their savage hearts they bore
A vengeance born in days of yore,
That nursed through living years at length
Had grown to more than passing strength.

And Loman knew this vengeance deep
Was born of love for him,
When he beheld hot passions leap
From eye and lip and limb ;
And yet his heart went rushing forth
To greet those brothers of the North.
Nor all the love and friendship won
While thirty years their course had run
Can yet their mantling mem'ries cast
Upon the old unburied past !

And once awaking when the night
Had winged full well its middle flight,
He heard the warriors whisper low
Of vengeance on their white-faced foe ;
For now full seven days or more
The ship lay anchored off the shore ;

And day by day the warriors found
The pale face on their hunting-ground,
Before whose mystic thunders dread
Their heritage of game had fled,
And vowed no second moon should wake
A silver sister in the lake
Before the shadowy land would know
The spirits of their hated foe.

He heard the white man's doom, and lay
Perplexed while wore the night away—
Nor had sleep's opiate the power
To cheat thought's most intrusive hour—
Until he saw the glowing east

Grow brighter with the pilgrim day,
As the first shafts of light released
From morn's bright quiver fired the grey ;
Strange fancies flitted o'er his mind
And burned into his throbbing brain :
How vain the welcome of the wind,
Blown from the lips of dawn ! how vain !

Morn broadened o'er the bounds of night,
Kissing the world to rosy light,
And kindling into glowing day
The wilds that late in darkness lay.

Now from the still and lifeless camp
O'er sandy rise and reedy swamp
Stole Loman, till the booming sea
Broke on his raptured ear ; and he
Made for the margin of the main ;
And gazing o'er the watery plain
He saw in beauty rise and dip
The white prow of the goodly ship.

Nor long he watched the nodding prow,
For soon upon the waters wide
A tiny boat is seen to ride
And clamber up the billow's brow,
As answering to the bending oar
She sped foam-fretted to the shore,
And won the shelter of a cliff.
And they who urged the yielding skiff
Leaped on the land and forward went,
Inland their hast'ning footsteps bent ;
And Loman followed them until
They won a sparkling silver rill,
A little rill that voiceless fell
Into a thirsty summer dell :
And yet when the ranges were green and gay,
And blithely the spring-time sang,
From the earliest light of the morning grey,

In the happy tide of a wanton day,
With ripple and revel it rang
Down gorges drear in a sheer swift flight,
Through glens where never was won
A vagrant ray of the noon-day sun,
Where the dews lay thick from morn till night
On the fern leaves every one.

And here they rested for a space,
And garnered now the bounteous grace
Of Nature's liquid wealth : ah ! more
At times than all the golden store
Of golden lands ! And while they lay
Cheating the idle hour away,
Or ere their backward march began,
Uprose a wild and savage man
All timorous near their resting-place,
Advancing now with shrinking pace
And lifted hands ; while in his eyes
Fear mirrored all her swift surprise !

In swift alarm they rose, and one
Grasped with quick hand the ready gun ;
And now the dark man like a hound
Submissive wooed and won the ground ;
And nearer crept, and still more near,
Nor yet the strangers mastered fear ;

For something in that savage form,
That cringing giant frame,
Bespoke the wild burst of the storm,
The lightning's vivid flame.
Quick glances pierce the neighbouring wood
As now a listening space they stood ;
Nor ambush saw nor sign most dim
That spake of treachery in him !

And now the white and dusky race
In that wild spot stood face to face !
And Loman gazed with wond'ring look
Upon those stranger eyes that took—
So thought he—all the beauteous hue
Of summer in the burning blue ;
For they seemed glowing gods to him
Whom darkness lapped in every limb,
And each had all the perfect grace
Of godhead in his morning face.

He strove to speak ; but ah, in vain !
And in that strife what world of pain
Smote him as every syllable
From his dark lips unmeaning fell !
And then as o'er his spirit swept
A light from other years he wept ;

And in his weeping all men heard
And felt that echoing human chord,
By sorrow strung, that wakes the soul
Of sympathy from pole to pole.

Ah! chide him not if in that hour
He cursed as once of old the Power
That through all cycles of grey time
Filleth with music and with rhyme
Of perfect love this planet grey,
Filled with unholiest love alway!
Yet only for an instant there
Broke on his vision dark despair;
For still he owned the keener sense
Of man's most high intelligence,
Which all his late wild years could not
From reason's lordly record blot.

He clasped his hands in suppliant mood,
Then bent in kneeling attitude,
And traced upon the yielding lea
The emblem old of Calvary!
And mingling with his jargon queer
One magic word smote on the ear,
As kneeling reverent on the sod
In guttural tones he murmured, "God,"

And smote his breast as Christians do
Who tread the honest paths and true.

And wild amaze was kindled there,
And doubts arose upon the air :
A cynic swore that by the Lord
He was not of the savage horde ;
That art not nature triumphed there
Within that rugged bosom bare ;
That nought but civil life alone
Such outward signs had ever shown !

And he beheld their wavering mood
As once again erect he stood,
And felt the mighty mystic thrill
Of magic Hope's supernal will,
And won from her exhaustless dower
Her glowing guerdon of the hour :
Not from the long-forgotten speech
 He drew a world of cheer ;
For meaningless the words of each
 Fell on his listening ear,
But from the gathering great surprise
That glowed in cheek and glist'ning eyes
And spoke of human sympathies.

By signs he told them when the sun
Westward his golden course had run,
And darkness trailed its drooping wings
Over the face of sleeping things,
The warriors of the tribe would take
Vengeance on them for vengeance' sake ;
And urged them even now to flee
Down to the white widths of the sea,
And bear with them across the wave
Himself, their grateful, willing slave.

No idle warning ! even now
Behold upon the hill's low brow
A score of ruthless hunters stand,
Each with a war-spear in his hand !
Then Loman by quick spaces led
The white men to their anchored skiff,
While fast upon the low sand cliff
The dark men gathered overhead.
But when their faithless chief had fled
To win the boat a great cry rose,
The baffled cry of vengeance dread,
Of vengeance on their flying foes :
And now beneath the windy sky
Their hissing spears in tumult fly.

From inland too came echoing loud
The war-cry of the savage crowd :
Some rushing headlong swarmed the strand
To intercept the flying band,
And capture in that moment brief
Their perjured, false, and traitor chief ;
For now, alas ! too late they see
A captive all too willing he,
Thus rending every tribal tie
For which the recreant must die !

Nor yet an arrow's flight from shore
The fleeing sailors won before
The dusky savage gained the blue,
And rushing in the tide
Another shower of spears they threw
That winged their mission wide ;
But one unerring, urged with hate,
A surer course had run,
And in its message big with fate
The arm of Loman won,
That outspread arm the creature threw
Upon the winds to bid adieu
To those who harboured him for years,
And gave him love, and pity's tears,
And that dead wife that sleeps afar,
Where winds of shining summer are.

Then of the startled sailors one
Against the wild men raised his gun ;
But Loman round the barrel threw
His blood-stained arm, wherewith he drew
The weapon down ; and with sad eyes,
Tear-dimmed of fondest memories,
Made mute appeal—nor made too soon
For mercy's high and holy boon !
That pleading look, those words unspoke,
A thrill of slumb'ring pity woke ;
And retribution's stern design
The yielding sailors now resign,
And each betakes him to the oar
To fly the wild resounding shore,
Those messengers of death they fear,
The boomerang and deadly spear.

With shining oars they swept the sea
And gained the goodly bark ; and he
Who lay spear-stricken in that hour
Thrilled with a rapture undefined,
As with a waft of magic power
Old memories crossed his mind ;
For round him swept white faces all,
Strange words long lost beyond recall,
Till each new syllable became
The sound of some forgotten name.

Now, anchor-weighed, across the deep
The vessel sped with stately sweep,
And won the Heads that stern and grey
Gazed seaward from their nursling bay.
An anxious hour! and now she clave
Port Phillip's glancing glassy wave;
And now she wins the waters wild
Of Yarra young and undefiled,
And anchored where a canvas town
Upon the crystal stream looked down:
O, marvel of the years to be,
Unconscious of thy destiny!
Unknowing of thy future great,
 The golden threads that ran
Within thy mystic web of fate,
 When life's young march began!

But why prolong a lengthened strain,
Why sing of lingering days of pain!
Or how the strength of Loman won
Bare victory from that grim one
Whose wintry shadow chills with gloom
Our later life and early bloom!
And happy were those hours, for he
Had learned what he unlearned—the free
Bold sound of Saxon speech, that grew
 Upon his senses hour by hour,

Welcome as fall of silver dew
Unto the summer flower.

Nor need I, patient reader, sing
Of men whose deeds in memory ring,
Of toil in those brave-hearted years
When fought and fell our pioneers—
Those wild old years that claim the best
Our island annals can attest.
O! great dead years of structure, when
Your brave and lion-hearted men
Saw in their dreams sublime the great
Emancipation of a state,
Whose radiant dawn their night's last breath
Had kindled on the verge of death,
A glory meet to symbolise
The splendour of their old emprise!

Nor need the last strains of my song
Our hero's after-fate prolong,
To tell how to the winds of fame
Men spoke aloud of Loman's name;
How gratulations long and loud
Pursued him from the clamorous crowd;
And how just thirty years and two
From that old time which still is new

Brave Batman bore across the sea
Free pardon to the Escapeè.

* * * * *

Hushed is the song—old sounds and sights
Fade softly as a twilight grey
Of time long dead when Memory's heights
Take shape from thoughts of some sweet
day :

Yet through the gathering haze I see
One wooed of my faint minstrelsy,
Whose vesper-time took deeper tone
From restless years for ever flown,
As still old thoughts that backward slip,
Unasked, with him made fellowship.

Yea, thoughts that woke love's fond regret
In Mem'ry's misty chambers met,
And reared again in forests vast,
The phantom pageant of the past :
The glimmering land of love's delight
Gleamed on his momentary sight,
With visions of a lonely grave
Where winds of Austral winter rave.

And where, young Yarra, by thy banks
The wild flowers waved in rosy ranks,
In those glad days ere with rude oar
Young Commerce claimed thy smiling shore,
Our hero's hut for years was seen,
Its garden gay with plots of green,
Its wattle grove beneath whose bower
The ling'ring child forgot the hour,
And claimed a kinship wild with him
In fancy's forests vague and dim,
In storied haunts of that lone place
Where warrior of the old-time race
No more may tread the forest maze,
The hunting-grounds of other days;
For scattered northward wide and far
And dead and gone his brothers are!
And he of all that sable clan
Alone survives—THE WILD WHITE MAN.

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PRESS NOTICES OF THE FIRST SERIES (Continued).

The Argus (Melbourne) : "Smooth and facile versification is common enough in the rhymed literature of the day, but true poetry is as rare as ever it was. We find it, however, in several of the shorter pieces contained in this volume. They are not only melodious in form, but poetical in sentiment and expression. They denote on the part of the writer a keen and delicate appreciation of the beauties of nature. . . . Mr. O'Hara has evidently lit his lamp at the sun of Tennyson, and the Laureate has no reason for disowning his disciple."

The Age (Melbourne) : "... As to the other and more important question (Is he really a poet?) the answer must also be given in the affirmative. The opinion of the critics both here and at home is unanimous on the point. Since it is possible that local critics might be predisposed to be partial in their judgment, it must be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. O'Hara's Australian friends to find that the favourable opinion which they formed of his first poetic efforts, as they appeared from time to time in the local press, is fully sustained by the very flattering verdict of the English critics on the appearance of his volume in London. . . . The only Australian singer with whom he might come into any sort of rivalry is Kendall. There are points of resemblance of course, since both give voice to the peculiar scenery of their native land; but in one respect there is a noticeable difference. The genius of Kendall seems to labour under a heavy burden of gloom and melancholy. O'Hara is bright and buoyant."

The Telegraph (Melbourne) : "In the unpretentious little volume before us he has displayed the true instincts of a poet, and he bids fair to rank amongst the most esteemed of Austral singers. His lines are full of melody, poetical in sentiment and expression, and for the most part deserving of high praise. . . . It is undoubtedly an acquisition to Australian literature."

The Australasian : "His verses have a melodious sound, the lines run smoothly, there is a considerable variety of metre and stanza, and the impression left is as grateful as the sound of running water."

PRESS NOTICES (Continued).

The Leader : "His verse is characterised by sweetness rather than by power, and he is at his best when interpreting the voice of Nature as heard in mountain, stream, or fair campaign. The melodic rhythm of his lines falls pleasantly upon the ear."

The Weekly Times : "In 'Songs of the South' Mr. John Bernard O'Hara has put forth a 'first poetic effort' that gives promise of a future work of a very high order indeed."

The Sydney Morning Herald : "The poems in this collection display smooth and easy versification with much grace and poetic fancy. . . . It is clear that Mr. O'Hara has mastered the knack of writing graceful and poetic verses."

Sydney Freeman's Journal : "Most of the songs in the little volume under notice seem to be the outcome of a genuine lyric impulse; and though the verse is mainly descriptive, it has both colour and melody. . . . The book is, if we are not greatly mistaken, the work of one who, if he cares to do so, will yet make his mark in Australian literature."

The Adelaide Advertiser : "In the majority of his verses he displays a lyrical excellence that was sure of wide acknowledgment, and Australians, who are better qualified than English critics to judge of the accuracy of his studies in Australian life and nature, will cordially admit his power of truthful representation. . . . 'Songs of the South' may be conceded a permanent place in our national literature."

The Australian Herald : "It is not only poetry, but is what every one agrees to call poetry. . . . Mr. O'Hara has facility of expression, a large vocabulary, and a good ear for the music of words. . . . Some of the maturer pieces reach a high level, and are strong and clear in their expression."

Table Talk : "Mr. O'Hara's wealth of language is apparent in all his poetry, which is fast gaining for him a seat in the English Parnassus, where an author is judged by his work, and not by personal considerations, as is often the case in small communities."

PRESS NOTICES (Continued).

Melbourne Punch: "The verses are highly melodious and attractive. They breathe the spirit of the sunny land in which they were written, and demonstrate the fact that Mr. O'Hara has the true poetic faculty."

The Southern Cross: "All acknowledge that these Songs are flowers of great beauty and sweetness, and full of an unmistakable promise of the rich and luscious fruit soon to come. . . . Another name must now be added to those of our Australian poets, and judging from the first effort it will certainly take a high place on the scroll of fame."

The Australasian Schoolmaster: "The author, as our readers are doubtless aware, is a young Master of Arts of the Melbourne University, who has adopted teaching as his profession, and who has proved the wisdom of his choice by means of the meritorious performances of several pupils whom he has prepared for important examinations of more than one type. His verses are melodious in form, as well as poetical both in sentiment and in expression. . . . What he has already written shows that, in addition to a keen sense of the beauties of nature, he has a very considerable command of language, which he can flavour at will with apt classical references or with appropriate classical quotations."

